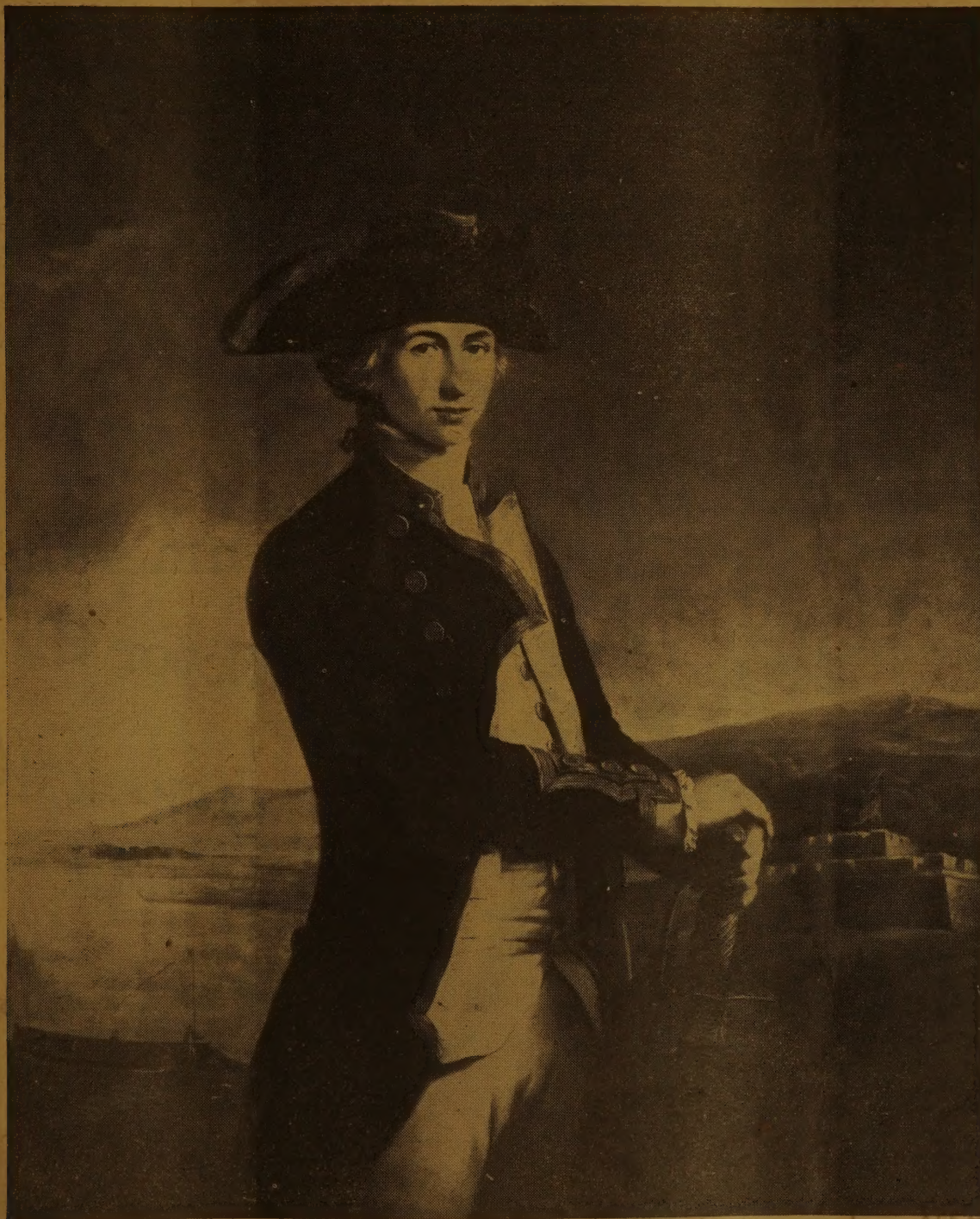


The Listener

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By courtesy of the Trustees, National Maritime Museum

Lord Nelson as a captain, by J. F. Rigaud: Nelson was born 200 years ago, on September 29, 1758

Production in the Age of Affluence
Lessons from the United States

T. S. Eliot, O.M.: a Birthday Tribute
By Robert Speaight

Pay As You View
By Sir Arnold Plant

Soviet Agriculture's 'New Deal'
The impact of Mr. Khrushchev

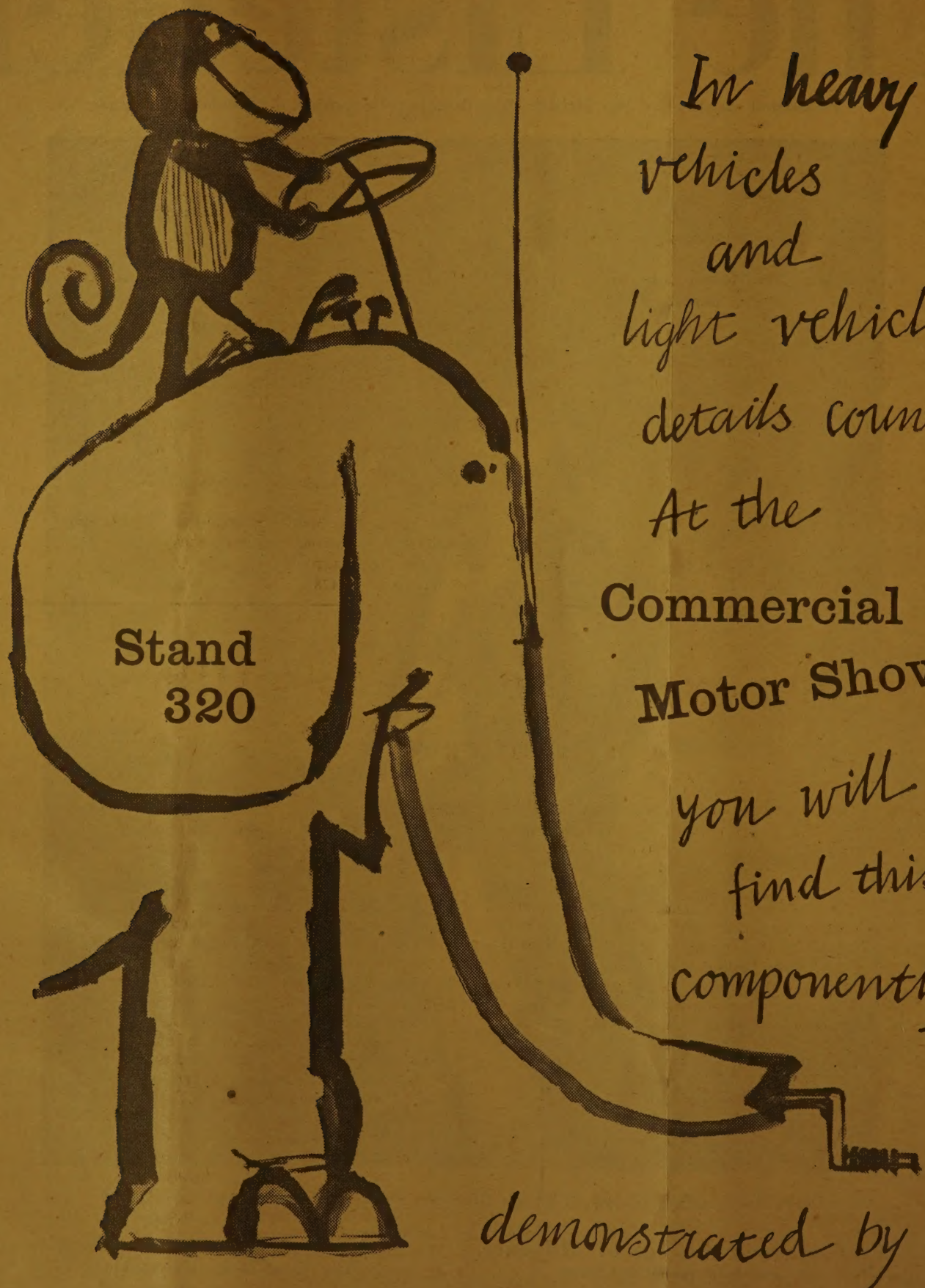
Memories of Old Japan
By Sir Arthur Richmond

Why Bridge Experts Make Mistakes
By Harold Franklin

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OCT 1 1958

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light vehicles
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The Listener

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Production in the Age of Affluence

By C. A. R. CROSLAND

WHY do we go on fussing about greater efficiency and higher production when, in the United States at least, the extra output consists merely of yet more elaborate tail-fins on even longer cars, or of frippery gadgets which we were not even conscious of wanting until we were stimulated by high-powered advertising? It is this apparently absurd paradox, and its causes and consequences, which form the theme of Professor Galbraith's new book*. It was natural, he argues, to be obsessed with production in an age of poverty, privation, and hunger, when the masses lacked even the basic necessities of life. It is ridiculous to be equally obsessed today when poverty has given way to affluence, the ordinary American citizen enjoys amenities which not even the rich enjoyed a century ago, and marginal output consists of goods that by any standards are patently inessential. To assert, in this condition of opulence, that growth and efficiency are still of paramount importance seems an oddly irrelevant notion; yet it is one which, according to Professor Galbraith, continues to form part of the ruling American ethos—though I am inclined to think that it is wearing a little thin, considering the astonishing lack of strong political reaction to the present American recession with its heavy loss of production, incomes, and employment.

Still, accepting Professor Galbraith's assumption, how are we to explain this continued preoccupation with production under such changed conditions? He suggests three reasons. First, we are still subconsciously dominated by the ideas of the past, and notably by the scarcity tradition of classical economics. Again, I doubt myself whether this hangover effect is as potent as he supposes. However, the point is in no way essential to his argument.

Secondly, he adduces a much more subtle reason. One of the

tensions to which classical capitalism gave rise was the class bitterness and sense of injustice associated with great inequalities of income. This tension has, in contemporary America, largely disappeared; and the traditional dispute over equality is in abeyance.

This is primarily the consequence of the remarkable rise in the standard of living of the masses. Professor Galbraith gives a brilliant exposition of a point to which I have long attached importance in the context of the British social system: namely, that the higher the average level of real income, whatever its distribution, the greater the subjective sense of social equality. A poor man will feel bitterly the contrast between his privation and the lavish expenditures of the rich. But the American worker today, enjoying a car, a deep freeze, and an annual holiday in Florida—what does he care if the rich have candles at dinner, and Matisses, and Chippendale furniture, and expensive jewellery, and even two Cadillacs and an annual holiday at Cannes? He no longer feels deprived; and he no longer feels a bitter sense of inequality. But the change in his attitudes, and the consequent decline in social tension, are due essentially to the rapid economic growth which has made possible his higher standard of living. This is why liberals have given so high a priority to economic growth. However, from this point of view the insistence on high production has fulfilled its historic function; for the decline in tension is not likely to be reversed even if the American rate of growth is now allowed to slacken.

But the third traditional reason for the obsession with production is a continuing one. This is what Professor Galbraith calls the security motive. The main cause of insecurity in an industrial economy is unemployment. In order to eliminate insecurity, therefore, we accept the goal of full employment. But full employment

is naturally associated with maximum output. The marginal output is needed not for its own sake but for the sake of the marginal employment associated with it; for on this depends the worker's income and security. We are thus in the paradoxical position of giving first priority to maximum output, even though society scarcely needs the extra goods, simply in order to avoid exposing individuals to the hardships of unemployment.

Such, then, are the traditional reasons, now either dated or paradoxical, for the preoccupation with production in the affluent society. But, says Professor Galbraith, the champions of high production, feeling subconsciously dissatisfied, have now thought up two brand-new reasons. The first concerns defence. They argue that military strength is a function of gross national product, from which it follows that to resist the Soviet threat we must aim at the maximum rate of economic growth. The sputniks have by now rather discredited this simple view; and in any case Galbraith adduces other arguments to show, convincingly in my view, that the absolute size of the economy is by no means the decisive influence on military capacity.

The second new justification, he says, is the modern economist's theory of demand, according to which one cannot accurately compare the satisfactions which consumers derive from different levels of expenditure at different periods of time. Professor Galbraith gives a correct account of this theory; but he is wrong in supposing that it was either intended to demonstrate, or has in fact been used to demonstrate, that production today was as urgent as production 100 years ago. However, we can leave him to argue this out with his fellow-academicians, since the point has no decisive bearing on his main argument. And he is right in assuming, on non-theoretical common-sense grounds, that wants, and hence production, do become less urgent (in some sense) the more amply the individual is supplied with goods.

Satisfying Artificial Wants

Unfortunately, in his anxiety to cripple his imaginary opponent, Professor Galbraith at this point greatly overstates his own case. He argues that a high proportion of output today is satisfying not 'genuine' or spontaneous wants, such as the need for food or clothing or shelter, but purely artificial wants—that is wants which would not exist were they not created, contrived, or stimulated by advertising and sales promotion. Since they need to be thus contrived, it follows that they cannot be at all urgent. This seems to me a dangerous argument. If we were speaking merely of longer tail-fins on longer cars, or titivating fripperies and novelties, then well and good. But there is surely more to it than that. Almost all wants above the basic minimum of essential food, clothing, and shelter are in some way artificially stimulated: are they therefore to be considered as of no significance?

The demand for greater variety and higher standards of food, clothing, and housing is induced not by innate need—the savage does not have it—but by the conventional expectations of the society: is it therefore to be considered as not worth satisfying? In most countries a large proportion of the population feels little want for education, and the want has to be not merely stimulated but actually enforced by compulsory state education: are we then to say that the provision of education is not urgent? The spontaneous demand for typhoid or diphtheria immunisation is manifestly weak and must be fortified by government publicity campaigns: is it therefore to be brushed aside as inessential? I was not conscious, at the age of eighteen, of an innate want to enjoy opera or painting; then the want was stimulated in me by outside influences, much to my subsequent contentment: is the want less real because I once was not aware of it? Even in the field of commercial want-creation it is of course true that the demand for, say, domestic cookers, refrigerators, washing-machines, and the like was artificially contrived by advertising: but is it not desirable to reduce drudgery and increase domestic leisure in this way? Clearly, the whole distinction between innate and created wants in terms of urgency or welfare is a most uncertain one.

However, although the distinction plays a prominent part in Professor Galbraith's argument, it is not in fact essential to it. All we need to do is to make the perfectly convincing common-sense judgement that marginal production in affluent America today, whether it is satisfying spontaneous or created wants, is in general much less urgent, and would be so considered by the bulk

of the population, than was marginal production 100 years ago.

Are there no further arguments for the preoccupation with production, other than those mentioned by Professor Galbraith? In England, of course, there are, simply because our level of affluence is lower. We have more residual poverty, more domestic drudgery, a more restricted life for the working-class consumer, less leisure, less sense of social equality, and so on. There is, therefore, still an overwhelming case in Britain for treating growth and efficiency as being urgent, at least for some decades ahead. This in no way contradicts Professor Galbraith's argument, since the case for or against the production objective in the United States has nothing to do with conditions in Britain.

Foreign Aid

But what of the impoverished peoples of Asia, Africa, and South America? Clearly, they themselves are right to be preoccupied with higher output, battling as they still are with the age-old problems of privation, hunger, and insecurity. But does their wretched condition not affect the argument about production in America? Professor Galbraith does not discuss this point explicitly; but his answer would, I think, be this: America should indeed sustain a generous programme of foreign aid. But in practice the limitation on foreign aid is not the level of American production, but a complex of electoral and political attitudes; therefore additional production would not lead to more foreign aid.

This, though certainly true at the present time, is not a sufficient answer; for Galbraith himself makes many proposals for altering these underlying factors: he does not accept existing limitations as immutable. Let us suppose that he is successful, and the limitations are removed. Would there then not be a case for seeking the maximum rate of economic growth and transferring the additional output to the underdeveloped areas? On any economic welfare grounds, the answer is unquestionably 'yes'. Marginal output would then consist not of longer tail-fins on longer cars, but of wheat for India, steel for Indonesia, machinery for Ghana. The case for maximum production would be precisely as strong as it was 100 years ago, and for precisely the same reasons—to combat poverty and privation. Galbraith's argument thus rests wholly on the supposition that the American problem is, for whatever reason, to be treated in isolation. American marginal output is indeed of merely trivial importance to Americans; but to less affluent Asia or Africa it must seem, could it only be transferred there, of desperate significance.

However, it may be that in practice the effective limitation on foreign aid will continue to be not the size of the national product but other, non-economic factors, and that the choice facing America can therefore be discussed in terms which abstract from the problems of Asia or Africa. On this assumption Professor Galbraith's argument remains valid. But he now advances the argument a further stage; for he goes on to assert that the obsession with production is not merely illogical in the affluent society, but brings in its train two major evils. (I ignore a rather dubious point about the volume of consumer debt.)

Appalling Lack of Balance

First, the United States displays an appalling lack of balance between private goods and public goods: on the one hand, a copious profusion of cars, washing-machines, deep-freezes, and private swimming pools, on the other a most niggardly provision of schools, playgrounds, roads, police, and mental hospitals. The result is a disturbing incidence of crime, juvenile delinquency, road accidents, congestion, urban sprawl, ignorance, and ugliness. Every visitor to the United States will recognise this picture. But is Professor Galbraith right in attributing it to the preoccupation with production? I am inclined to doubt it. I think, rather, that the proportion of income which different countries are prepared to surrender to the state for communal spending is a function of essentially non-economic social and psychological attitudes—a tradition of strong or weak government, the strength of individualism, the extent of the ideology of *laissez-faire*, psychological attitudes towards taxation, and so on. America, Germany, and Sweden all attach great importance to economic efficiency and rapid growth; yet they have quite different attitudes to social planning and the provision of public goods. This suggests that

the explanation is to be looked for in the social and cultural tradition of the country concerned, and not in its relative degree of affluence.

In fact I agree with all Professor Galbraith's imaginative proposals for correcting the lack of social balance in the United States; from a practical point of view these are perhaps the most important in the book. But they are not, in my view, strictly relevant to the main thesis.

The second evil is inflation. Professor Galbraith states the conventional case for supposing that full employment inevitably entails inflation. If on the other hand we could run the economy on a looser rein, allowing some slack and unemployment, we could then achieve price stability. But the consequent unemployment, as we saw earlier, would involve a painful insecurity and loss of income. To resolve this dilemma Professor Galbraith proposes a most ingenious scheme—which might well be desirable irrespective of this particular argument—of graduated unemployment compensation, designed to maintain incomes during unemployment. In this way, he argues, we should both achieve price stability, and also neatly extricate ourselves from the absurd paradox of seeking maximum production, not because we want the extra goods, but to provide the incomes of the extra workers.

I am not wholly convinced of the existence of this evil, still less of the desirability of this cure. It has yet to be definitely proved that we cannot run a full employment economy without inflation. I myself am moderately hopeful that we can, given certain provisos which I have set out at length elsewhere. At the very least, the evil remains unproven.

As for the cure, we must not forget that there are tremendous advantages in running the economy at a full employment level of demand. For example, you then allow people, for the first time, an area of choice between work and leisure; and this I regard as a great enlargement of human freedom. You may sustain the unemployed worker's income as fully as you will; but you are still depriving him of the choice between working and not working. Similarly in other cases: a high level of demand permits the worker a choice between overtime and free week-ends, the married woman a choice between going out to work or not, the older man a choice between retiring or staying on at work. It is not enough to compensate the lack of choice by bountiful pensions or unemployment benefits; for people like to work for many other reasons than the income.

There is another point. Experience suggests that production rises faster if we run the economy fairly hard. Professor Galbraith is of course not interested in achieving the maximum possible rise in production. But he presumably wants some reasonable rate of increase—he will need this, after all, to finance his larger supply of public goods. But I fear lest the slack in the economy, which he wants, may have so depressing an effect on the level of investment, the rate of innovation and labour productivity as to slow down the increase in incomes to a snail's pace which even he, let alone the electorate, might find intolerable.

None of this means that I at all dissent from the chief proposition that additional output is now of much less urgency,

and should be relegated to a lower position in our scale of values. It is only that I should prefer to give effect to the altered scale of values, not by running the economy at half-cock, but simply by giving—as Professor Galbraith also wants to do—a much higher priority to non-economic relative to economic values, whenever the two conflict. Goodness knows that there are plenty of opportunities, many of which Professor Galbraith describes. We could, for example, when arguing about taxation questions, the location of industry, labour mobility, and the status of the worker in his factory, instead of treating efficiency always as the main criterion, give precedence to social and psychological considerations. We could lighten the burden of toil, make work more agreeable, and increase the possibilities of leisure. We could spend more on education and the social services. We could be more

lavish with the arts and more generous to culture; and, not least, we could release for more fundamental tasks some of the scarce-human talent which now has to fuss about incentives and the balance of payments and higher productivity.

All this I find intensely sympathetic. 'In the United States', I wrote some years ago, 'it seems absurd to speak as though economic efficiency were the central issue; provided always that full employment was maintained, a reformer could turn his main attention to non-economic problems without worrying too much about the rate of growth'.

I added that in Britain also, two decades from now, we should be able to 'stop worrying about hard work and economic matters . . . We shall turn our attention increasingly to other, and in the long run more important, spheres—of personal freedom, happiness, and cultural endeavour: the cultivation of leisure, beauty, grace, gaiety, excitement, and of all the proper pursuits, whether elevated, vulgar or eccentric, which contribute to the varied fabric of a full private and family life'.

I am therefore wholeheartedly a Galbraith man. I disagree with some of the steps in his argument. But the great merit of his book is that the argument has detailed steps at all. Many economists have lifted their eyes, in a visionary last chapter, to the coming age of abundance; even more sociologists have inveighed vaguely against the affluent society. But Professor Galbraith is the first writer to attempt a systematic economic analysis of such a society. This is therefore an important and original work, in which the author demonstrates, not for the first time, his ability to stand back, well out of the rut, examine with a vivacious mind the currently accepted dogmas, and inquire, at once pertinently and impartially, whether they are valid.

Naturally, his moral is not yet relevant to us in Britain, since we lag some decades behind in affluence. Perhaps it never will be quite so relevant; for, as visiting American business men constantly remind us in tones of sad exasperation, we already set a lower value on efficiency relative to other social values. Nevertheless, we also shall, in the not too distant future, enter the age of affluence. We had therefore better read this book, to warn us of what we shall find there, and to help us to make some mild preparations for our destiny. There is now no excuse for our making the same mistakes on arrival.—*Third Programme*



The 'copious profusion of cars' in the United States: traffic on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Soviet Agriculture's 'New Deal'

By ALEC NOVE

IT is five years since Mr. Khrushchev launched his 'New Deal' for Soviet Agriculture, at the September plenum of the central committee of the Soviet Communist Party, in 1953. It therefore seems opportune to attempt a general assessment of his agricultural policies, to try to see how far they have been successful in overcoming the serious weaknesses from which Soviet farming was suffering.

In 1953, Soviet agriculture was in a depressed state. Output and yields of almost all major products was low and in some



Milkmaids in a Soviet collective farm on the bank of the Don receiving instruction from a cattle specialist

instances was even declining. For example, the number of cows was less than in 1916 or in 1928, the milk yield for a collective-farm cow was below even the level of 1938 and was fluctuating around 1,020 litres a year as against roughly 2,900 in Great Britain, and nearly 3,600 in Denmark.

Peasant incomes were low even by Soviet pre-war standards, and these were low enough. Thus it has recently been divulged that a peasant received in 1952, for a full day's work on a collective farm, an average of less than two roubles in cash, plus some grain and occasionally a few other products. To save up enough money to buy a bottle of vodka meant thirteen days' work; five days would equal a kilogram of sugar; an inferior suit of clothes meant a whole year's work. In the centre and north-west of Russia, the average payments were much lower. The peasant had to rely on his little private plot—usually less than an acre to a family—in order to live. Yet this plot was heavily taxed, to discourage ideologically undesirable private enterprise. Information about production and peasant incomes was almost wholly suppressed in Stalin's last

years, or twisted out of all recognition by biased reporting and grossly exaggerated statistics. In his report to the central committee in 1953, Mr. Khrushchev spoke much more frankly about the real situation, but many of the facts emerged only gradually in the years that followed, and indeed some of the key facts—for instance, the precise size of the grain harvest—have not been published to this day.

Mr. Khrushchev attributed the weaknesses of Soviet agriculture to several causes, and particularly emphasised one: lack of incentives to the producers, which was itself due to the extremely low prices at which the state acquired produce from the farms. These low prices were a means by which the state, in effect, taxed the peasants heavily to finance industrial investments. The farms were left with far too small an income to pay their members a reasonable sum for their work, with the inevitable consequence that the work was not done, or badly done. They lacked resources for necessary investments. The state's own investments in agriculture were also totally inadequate.

A further defect to which Mr. Khrushchev devoted attention was the inefficient way in which the party and the state administered agriculture. The local party officials were often ignorant of farm problems and issued ridiculous orders. Their primary job was that of squeezing produce out of the farms for the state, by fair means or foul. The state organs tried to plan all details of farm operations from above, with all the bureaucratic nonsense which this implies. This over-centralisation was directly connected with unfair prices and lack of incentives, since obviously if farms had no material interest in production they had to be ordered to produce and told what to do and when to do it.

Mr. Khrushchev's reforms began in September 1953, and they are not yet completed. Rather than present a chronological catalogue, it seems best to analyse them under the various categories into which they logically fall.

The first such category concerns prices and incentives. State buying prices have been drastically revised upwards, in some extreme cases being multiplied five-fold. In the period 1952-56, the state's disbursements for farm produce were roughly trebled. There was a substantial rise in cash payments to peasants for their work in the same period, and steps have been taken in the direction of making these payments more regular. Peasant goodwill has also been sought by reducing the tax on their private acres and also, since last January, by freeing them from the obligation to sell their private produce to the state. But along with greater incentive there has been the imposition of more discipline. Peasants must now work considerably longer in the collective fields, and are more severely penalised if they neglect them in favour of cultivating their private plots or of taking goods to market. Consequently striking gains in income from collective work have been accompanied by some loss in income from private enterprise. None the less, there has been a clear net gain, and incentives for collective work are now much stronger than they were.

Finally, still under the heading of incentives, the year 1958 has seen the first



Harvesting maize in the Voronezh region

attempt to relate prices of various products to costs and scarcities, and so to use price-incentives in an economically rational way; though it is much too soon to say how this latest reform will work itself out—the Soviet system contains powerful built-in resistances to the use of any kind of market mechanism.

A second category of measures relates to investments. The needs of agriculture have been given a much higher priority. There has been a striking increase in the output of tractors, many other kinds of farm machinery, fertiliser, and refrigerating plant. Collective farms have used their additional revenues for building much-needed new cow-sheds and barns. The state has erected more storage dumps and elevators, though these are still inadequate. Under this head, too, belongs the immense effort to expand the cultivated area, by ploughing up well over 30,000,000 hectares (70,000,000 acres) of virgin or unused land, principally in Kazakhstan and Siberia. This was largely a state-financed operation, with state farms rather than collective farms doing most of the work. While the long-term value of this ploughing-up campaign is by no means clear, there is no doubt that it was a colossal undertaking: an area roughly equal to the arable land of all Canada was brought under the plough in the short period 1954-56.

Another category of reforms concerns more purely organisational changes. These have been complex, and have not always followed consistent lines. Basically, the object pursued by the leadership would seem to be to achieve greater efficiency without loss of control over anything that matters. In the first stages of the reform the party's regional officials were much increased in number, and the state-operated machine tractor stations were given more authority over the collective farms. During the past year, however, the number of party officials in rural areas has been cut, and the collective farms are now absorbing the personnel and equipment of the machine tractor stations.

These apparent policy zigzags have two causes. First, there has been a considerable strengthening of the party's position within the collective farms, so that detailed supervision from the outside is not so necessary. Secondly, the separation between farm management and control over the farm machinery produced quite intolerable inefficiencies and wasteful duplication. The general trend is towards devolution of more responsibility to the man on the spot, provided he is regarded as reliable. There have been measures to increase the planning and operational autonomy of farms, though these have not so far been very effective. There are certainly other changes to come, which may well have the effect of gradually converting collective farms into a new species of state enterprise with the status of peasants increasingly resembling that of state workers.

What have been the results of all these substantial reforms? In terms of output, the advance over the depressed levels of 1953 is undeniable, though in the case of grain harvests any assessment is rendered peculiarly difficult by big year-by-year variations in the weather. For example, the newly ploughed lands in Asia produced good harvests in 1956 and 1958, bad ones in 1955 and 1957.

An all-Soviet record harvest in 1956 was followed by a relatively poor one in 1957, and now by what promises to be a very good one in 1958; though, even in a good year, grain yields per acre are well below the standards normal in Canada, let alone the more intensively farmed areas of Western Europe. Thus a yield of nine quintals per hectare is good for the U.S.S.R., while the

average in Canada has been about fifteen; in France twenty-two, in Great Britain thirty.

Substantial advances have been recorded in such crops as flax and sugar-beet, and particularly in dairy farming. The improved incentives for the peasants and increased supplies of feeding-stuffs for the animals have undoubtedly produced beneficial results. According to the official statistics, milk yields per cow on collective farms in 1957 exceeded 1,800 litres, an increase of some 75 per cent. over 1952.

Such a sensational rise is partly explicable by the extent of past neglect. It should also be borne in mind that half of all Russia's cows belong to private individuals (principally on the peasants' own acres), and so the total increase in yields was much less than this. The picture is further complicated by a strong suspicion of exaggeration in official reporting of yields. But when all allowances are made, there is an undeniable improvement.

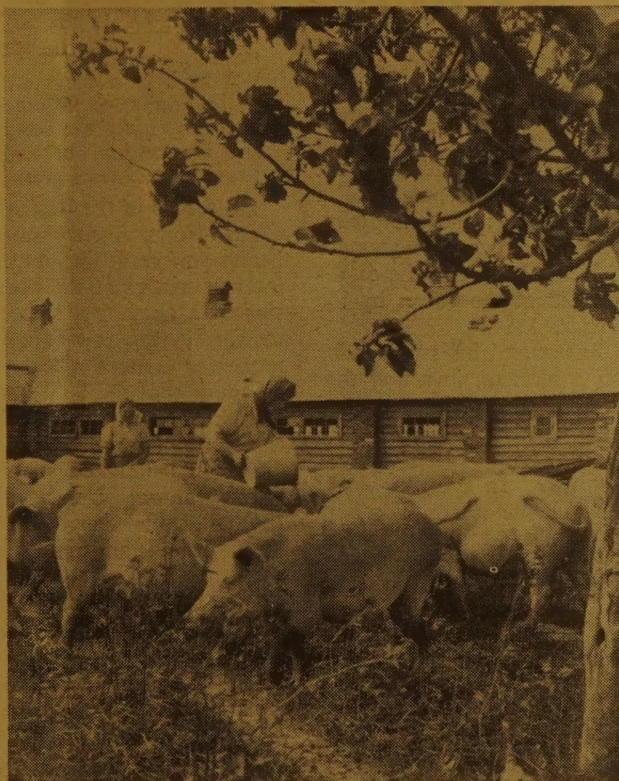
However, many serious defects remain. Thus, for example, the

size of the typical farm is large: the average collective farm has over 1,600 hectares of arable land—about 4,000 acres. The advantages of small farms, especially in such areas as the north-west and the Baltic states, are thrown away through an ideological preference for bigness. An enormous amount remains to be done to achieve balanced mechanisation and to bring productivity of labour anywhere near western standards. One of the main obstacles to efficiency is the lack of roads in rural areas. Heavy losses occur through primitive communications. Rural living remains hard and poor, and good men tend to drift away to the brighter lights of town. Many peasants who relied greatly on the free market for their family's income—that is particularly those near big towns—may lose money on balance as a result of the reforms, and may strongly resent the tighter discipline which now prevails.

Another unsolved problem is how to reconcile greater initiative for the farm managers with the various centrally run campaigns, such as Mr. Khrushchev's own maize campaign, which are repeatedly imposed upon them from above and which destroy

initiative and disrupt long-term crop rotations. Mr. Khrushchev has committed himself to enormously over-ambitious plans for expanding grain and meat production, and efforts to fulfil these impossible plans may lead to distortions in agricultural policy and to constant party interference, which must harm efficiency.

But when that and other negative features are taken into consideration, the changes for the better since 1953 remain impressive: it is self-delusion for us in the West to pretend otherwise, even though many unsettled problems could give rise to social and political conflict in the future.—*European Services*



Collective pig-farm in the Yaroslavl region

AUTUMN BOOK NUMBER

THE LISTENER next week will include reviews by

LORD STRANG, Rt. Hon. EMANUEL SHINWELL,
A. L. ROWSE, SIR HERBERT READ, PETER
FLEMING, and WILLIAM PLOMER

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The Nelson Touch

NEXT Monday will be the 200th anniversary of the birth of Nelson in the little village of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk. Nelson still holds in Britain the position of a national hero accorded to him in that age of hero worship—the nineteenth century. Indeed his life and achievement have become woven, inextricably, into the establishment of a dual tradition; the search for leadership in war; and the giving of opportunities for leadership in war and in peace to younger men. Undoubtedly, the significance of Nelson's part in the establishment of this tradition was strengthened at the outset by the glory and drama of his death at Trafalgar.

The quality of Nelson's leadership has caused his name to be handed down as a legend in the fighting services, in a way that (however unjustly) the name of Admiral Byng has been handed down as a warning. Whenever British statesmen have chosen commanders in the field, so often the decisive question in their mind has been 'Has he the Nelson touch?' In the two world wars it was this thought which helped choose not only sailors like Lord Fraser of North Cape but soldiers and airmen like Lord Montgomery and Lord Trenchard for high commands.

Nelson would never have achieved the position that he did if early on he had not been made a post-captain at the surprising age of twenty. The idea of allowing such a young commander to come to the top was not extraordinary in his day. The second William Pitt, for instance, became Prime Minister at twenty-four. Nor did the idea always depend, as some have supposed, on an aristocratic push from behind. Young men cannot command ships, let alone fleets, without being worth their salt. They are judged by performance and the undeserving quickly fail. They are not remembered, while the success of the Nelsons ensures that the tradition shall continue. It has produced results in our own time; yet it must never be forgotten that alongside it there has flourished an equally valuable tradition of giving responsibility to men of the age of wisdom and experience. Lloyd George was forty-six when he introduced his 'People's' Budget and fifty-three when he became Prime Minister. However young in spirit, Lord Montgomery was already fifty-four when Britain turned to him in 1942, and Sir Winston Churchill was sixty-five at the time of Dunkirk.

Two Thousand 'Archers'

ON FRIDAY, listeners to the Light Programme can hear the 2,000th edition of 'The Archers'. This popular serial began on New Year's Day, 1951, after a trial run in the Midland Region of the B.B.C., where it has always been produced. Apparently, the idea for the programme sprang from the suggestion of a Lincolnshire farmer for a sort of 'farming Dick Barton'. 'The Archers' has always been billed as a story of 'country folk'. Its most remarkable achievement, even more perhaps than the large size of the audience who listen to the programme, is the link which it has forged with the countryside. As Sir James Turner, the President of the National Farmers' Union, has written: 'Over the past seven years one of the most highly urbanised countries in the world has taken to its national heart an entirely imaginary farming family'.

What They Are Saying

Britain and the Far East

THE FAR EASTERN CRISIS has continued to exercise Communist radio commentators. In a Moscow Radio talk for United Kingdom listeners on September 15, Piotr Zarin said that 'official statements that the United States has not sought or received promises of British military support in the Formosa area are so much eyewash. They belong in the same category as the spate of British denials that there was any intention of invading Jordan, denials that were repeated till within a few hours of the invasion'. Mr. Randolph Churchill had 'let the cat out of the bag' when 'he revealed that the British Prime Minister had given President Eisenhower secret pledges of full support for whatever aggressive action the United States took in the Formosa area'. The *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston was quoted on September 19 as saying:

Mr. Macmillan would not, if he could, rally British people to support a shooting war to keep the off-shore islands for Chiang. But he does a great service to his own country, to the United States, and to the West as a whole in emphasising the overriding interests that these countries have in maintaining their alliance, and in working out within their community a common attitude toward the threats from outside it.

An article in the Peking *Jenmin Jih Pao*, broadcast by the New China News Agency on September 17, said that the United States was confusing its own dispute with China with the purely internal matter of the liberation of Formosa. There was no question of a cease-fire, since China and the United States were not at war; it was only being sought in order to provide a breathing space for General Chiang Kai-shek and to lure China into tacit recognition of the U.S. occupation of Formosa. When and in what form the liberation of Formosa would take place—it may take the form of force or the form of peace—was the affair of the Chinese people.

In a broadcast the same day, the New China News Agency gave a factual report of Mr. Gaitskill's speech to the Foreign Press Association in London, but added that the Labour Party's plan to place Formosa and the Pescadores under United Nations administration ignored the lawful rights of the Chinese people and was contrary to their interests. Leading articles from the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Worker* were among the many foreign sources quoted in support of the Peking case.

From the United States the *Philadelphia Inquirer* was quoted on September 17 as commenting:

Despite all the propaganda about U.S. 'aggression' and 'aggressive intentions' in the Formosa area, the fact is that we have not fired a shot. We have simply put in a conspicuous appearance, in conformity with our treaty obligations. . . . Thus the first requirement, if the diplomatic skirmishes are to have any meaning at all, is for the Red Chinese to lower that gun.

And the *Times of India* was quoted for the view:

Whatever might be said in criticism of the American failure in East Asia it needs to be clearly conceded that Eisenhower's comments on the subject of aggression—use of military force to achieve political ends—are very much to the point and deserve to be unhesitatingly endorsed by the majority of U.N. members.

On the question of Cyprus, a Radio Athens broadcast beamed to the island on September 12 said that the setting up of the 'Cromwell' organisation was an admission by the British military authorities of their inability to suppress Eoka and of the failure of British policy in Cyprus. A later commentary from Athens said that Sir Hugh Foot, on instructions from London, had himself written the 'Cromwell' proclamation. The 'bestial' behaviour of British troops was emphasised in a Greek broadcast to Cyprus on September 16, and Archbishop Makarios was quoted as comparing unfavourably their conduct under Sir Hugh Foot with that under Sir John Harding.

The problem of the suspension of nuclear tests was taken up by Moscow Radio after the Soviet proposal for a United Nations debate. A Tass statement broadcast on September 18 said there were no 'encouraging signs' as yet that the United States and Britain would follow the Soviet example and end tests; in fact they were doing everything to prevent a suspension of tests.

Did You Hear That?

LORD MONTGOMERY'S RETIREMENT

ON SEPTEMBER 18 Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery took formal leave of the servicemen and staff at Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe, outside Paris. This was his last official act before going into retirement after exactly fifty years of military service, the last part of which was spent as Deputy Supreme Commander at Shape under General Eisenhower, General Ridgway, General Gruenther, and General Norstad, the present Supreme Commander.

THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent, said in a report given in 'Radio Newsreel': 'The ceremony, which was held as usual in front of the entrance steps at Shape, was simple, yet none the worse for its total lack of frills. The Field-Marshal himself took some, though not all, off the edge of people's regret' by saying bluntly, but with a smile, that it was certainly not the saddest day of his life—indeed, that he was glad to go after fifty years of soldiering, and was looking forward to living in his home and seeing and being seen by friends.

'Two special touches gave additional warmth to the proceedings. One was the presence of the band of the Warwickshire Regiment, Montgomery's own unit; the other was the sight of General Gruenther, now President of the American Red Cross. It was characteristic of the man that he should have come specially all the way from New York to give his former deputy a proper send-off.

'Before presenting the Field-Marshal with the scroll of honour bearing the signatures of the four Shape Supreme Commanders, General Norstad recalled his long and distinguished military career. In his reply Lord Montgomery gratefully acknowledged the gift of the scroll and, after insisting that he was glad to leave, went on to say that one of the things that he had learned was that people who rise to high rank are wrong when they think that they can do things alone: and then he spoke of the help and kindness that he had always had from the staff of Shape. Then he spoke about Nato and the vital need for Western unity in the face of Russian attempts to split the alliance and drive a wedge between us who live here in Europe and the United States'.

THE ORIGINS OF JAZZ

[Extracts from an extempore talk]

'Speaking Personally' in the B.B.C.'s Television Service, SIR MALCOLM SARGENT said: 'Many young people have asked would I please tell them something of what I think about jazz. Music fundamentally comes from two physical sources. One is obviously the throat; it is because we have a voice with inflections that the art of melody arose. As one gets excited one's voice rises, if one gets gloomy or sad or tired the voice goes down. The primitive melody is simply the inflection of the voice, the rising for excitement or as a lure in a love song, or whatever it is, and sinking for reasons of depression or solemnity. There are people who have told me they are tone deaf. Now that is complete nonsense. Anyone who was tone deaf could not carry on an ordinary conversation at all: if you said "It's raining?"—asking a question, or "It's raining"—stating a fact—he would not know which was which. A tone-deaf man in the

dark would not know from the sound of a voice whether it was his wife there or someone else.

'What is more interesting is the other part of our physical anatomy from which we get rhythm. That, strangely enough, is the legs. We have two legs of equal length, and because of that it is not possible for us to move without moving rhythmically, left-right, left-right. There we have the fundamental beginning of march rhythm. Obviously if we evolve a little in our art form and stress alternatively one foot then the other, we have what is known as a waltz. This seems all very primitive and silly, but actually the rhythmic step of your two legs, because they are of equal length, can become quite complicated, even in a primitive form. I was in Patmos a little time ago and some school-children

came out on the village green to dance and sing for me, and I was fascinated to find that they were singing and dancing in a rhythm of seven in a bar, which is supposed to be modern and complicated. They did two long steps and then three short ones: it was charming and the steps would probably be satisfactory in a modern dance hall.

'The primitive native feels when stamping his feet that he gets a rhythmic urge. This can be developed into hand clapping, but no one is going to clap his hands if there is a drum handy. It is easy to make more noise and to be more effective, but keeping the same rhythm. If you give a baby a drum it will start beating, and strangely enough it beats rhythmically; ordinary

straightforward rhythm is inherent in the human body. Just as we move rhythmically because of our two equal legs, we clap because of our arms being the same length; and from this all music, particularly jazz music, arises. It is fascinating to think that, had we been born like half a kangaroo, with a long leg and a short leg, our natural gait would have been a jerky skip, and the ordinary left-right would have been then a form of syncopation.

'We know that jazz originally came from America, where the coloured people had gone from Africa. I have heard them, and seen them do their wonderful dances, in the compounds of Johannesburg and in the jungle. There you have the essence of it. For commercial variety's sake, there has evolved the ragtime, the bee-bop, the boogie-woogie (all of which I was told would last for ever, but they die very quickly), then rock 'n' roll, and we now have something that I think is performed on a washboard. The complications have been put in, I am afraid, to make it saleable, because it is originally a monotonous form of amusement and has to be varied almost year by year. I would say that jazz is the most successful way yet found of using the art of music to make money'.

INSIDE ICELAND

'Iceland, that island of volcanic rock in the middle of the North Atlantic, comes into the news in Britain only when we are squabbling about fishing limits', said HARDIMAN SCOTT, B.B.C. reporter, speaking in 'Today'. 'There are many things we do not generally know. Its rushing rivers leaping with salmon; its canyons; its glaciers; its fiords, dazzling blue; its austere mountains that change colour as you look at them; the vivid green of fields dotted with white and yellow flowers; the little puffs of



Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery with M. Spaak, Secretary-General of Nato, when Lord Montgomery paid a farewell visit to Nato headquarters last week



Reykjavik, capital of Iceland, with its harbour

steam you see coming out of the ground, as though some giant of the underworld was having an after-dinner cigar; steam from thermal springs which heats half the capital city, Reykjavik—all these are perhaps the “touristy” things.

‘But it is more surprising, I think, to find in a country of 167,000 people, many of them doing at least two jobs, a social insurance and health service rather like our own; and, in Reykjavik itself, more than forty bookshops. Whenever I walk about the streets I am astonished to find so many people in them. There are browsing places as well as buying places, with books in all languages. The Iclander is as familiar with modern English writers as we are: he reads T. S. Eliot and Dylan Thomas perhaps far more than we do. He buys paintings by modern Icelandic artists to put upon the walls of his home, which his pretty wife—nearly all Icelandic girls are pretty—has had fitted with washing-machine, refrigerator (the climate is mild), vacuum cleaner, modern radiogram, and every labour-saving device: and that wife dresses with extremely good taste; enough, at any rate, to catch the eye if she walked down Regent Street.

‘How it is all paid for I still do not understand: the prices are so high. For example, one simple-looking woollen dress (I should have thought about £8) was priced at £38. But they manage it all, and have time to go to the National Theatre and the cinemas and drive large American cars on the left-hand side of the roads’.

METEORITE CRATERS

In Canada, scientists have discovered twelve meteorite craters which were not known to exist until Dr. C. S. Beals, Director of the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa, launched a systematic search for meteorite craters. The search is going on in other parts of the world too, and PATRICK MOORE talked in ‘The Eye-witness’ about this work and about the craters the scientists have found.

‘The first of the new craters discovered after the war’, he said, ‘was the famous Chubb crater. More than two miles across, it lies in the uninhabited, remote, and intensely rugged barren lands of northern Quebec, where the rock is split by winter frost and the knee-high trees are stunted with cold. It has been described as an immense hole, looking something like a great tea-cup tilted at an angle. When the meteorite which made it fell, it threw up a circular rim 550 feet high and caused the surrounding country, as it were, to ripple, so that the crater is ringed by ridges of shattered rock as much as fifty feet high. Dr. Victor Meen of the Toronto Royal Museum went to study the Chubb crater in 1950. For three weeks his expedition used mine detectors and magnetometers to try to locate the meteorite that had made the crater and which lay buried thirty or fifty feet or so beneath it. Just as the expedition was about to return to Montreal, a magnetic instrument located something under the eastern part of the rim. That some-

thing may be the world’s largest meteorite.

‘Another of the newly discovered craters is thought to be 60,000,000 years old. One-and-a-half miles in diameter, it was found in farmland near Holleford, Ontario. Seismologists have estimated its depth, and by drilling to a depth of 800 feet geologists have ascertained how the earth’s crust crumpled and shattered as the meteorite plunged into it. They have done the same with yet another new crater, discovered in forest country at Brent, Ontario, and thought to have been made 500,000,000 years ago. Now they are to make an on-the-spot study of a huge crater discovered in North Saskatchewan: it is six miles in diameter with walls 700 feet deep.

‘Other craters possibly made by meteorites have been discovered in South Africa, the United States, Australia. The first discovered since the war was at Wolf Creek in northern Australia. Others have been located in the Baltic Island of Oesel and in the Pacific island of Socatra, where there is a native legend that many years ago the island was struck by a demon from the sky. One interesting point is that up to the end of the war the only known meteorite

crater more than a few hundred feet across was the Canyon Diabolo in Arizona. One of the most spectacular meteorites fell in Siberia just over fifty years ago, on June 30, 1908, but the crater it made would not compare with the craters Canadian scientists have discovered—craters that may, one day, lead us to understand whether the craters on the moon were made by meteorites or whether they really are old volcanoes’.

‘HUMANITY’S GREATEST ADVENTURE’

‘I have collected 2,300 scientific papers that were presented at the United Nations “Atoms for Peace” conference in Geneva’, said RITCHIE CALDER in a talk in the General Overseas Service. ‘The pile is eight and a half feet high. Science, in fact, has outgrown man. But that is the least of it. There were 5,000 scientists from sixty-seven countries milling around the corridors of the Palais des Nationals. Their camp followers were the 900 newspaper, radio, and television correspondents accredited to the conference. This was, without question, the biggest scientific conference ever held, and the biggest conference, scientific or otherwise, that the United Nations has had to organise.

‘The Americans and Russians independently have developed a principle different from Zeta, although both are working on the Zeta principle of what is known as the pinch effect. But in spite of some novel ideas and intriguing suggestions from the flow of the conference itself none of the countries has yet got near what is called a self-sustaining process—that is, a process in which the heavy hydrogen gas develops temperatures equivalent to the heat of the sun, indeed even hotter—perhaps 100,000,000 degrees—and then goes on further as the sun does. What they are looking for at the moment, in fact, is the match to touch off their Promethean flame.

‘Britain still seems to have the lead in working practice on fission reactors, which now seem so old-fashioned. Calder Hall, the first atomic power station ever to produce electricity on a commercial scale, has become a sort of yardstick by which other achievements elsewhere are measured. The British gave full accounts not only of Calder Hall but of the reactor at Dunreay—what is called a fast reactor—which will produce more fuel than it consumes (as the pixies refilled the coal scuttle every time you stoked the fire). They also disclosed a great deal of information about commercial stations under construction. The Americans gave accounts of their various types of reactors, and in their exhibition they had a “do it yourself” reactor.

‘It would be wrong to leave the impression that the discussions were dominated by the Atomic Powers, Britain, the United States, U.S.S.R., France, and Canada. It was a free-for-all, and, with scientific secrecy now non-existent, scientists of all countries, great and small, are tackling what was called at the first Atomic Energy Conference “humanity’s greatest adventure”’.

T. S. Eliot, o.m.: a Birthday Tribute

By ROBERT SPEAIGHT

WHEN I was at Oxford, more than thirty years ago, you ran a considerable risk if you allowed a volume of poems by T. S. Eliot to be seen on the table of your study. Your tutor would almost certainly think you were making a fool of yourself, and he would probably tell you so. For T. S. Eliot was then the property—the very private property—of a highly self-conscious *avant-garde*. Let me remind you of the dates. 'The Waste Land' had appeared in 1922, and 'The Hollow Men' did not come out till 1925. These poems, which have revolutionised English taste and which people never stop discussing, were then the whispered incantations of a cult. It was all very exciting; but did we, in our youthful enthusiasm, really know what it was all about? Now, when T. S. Eliot is celebrating his seventieth birthday and when we have lived with his poetry for many years, it is interesting to ask oneself these questions: In what sense were the early poems of Eliot revolutionary, if indeed they were revolutionary at all? In what sense were they shocking? In what sense were they different?

To begin with, they seemed to have been written in deliberate reaction against the conventions of English romantic poetry, and when you start to add up the achievement of English romanticism, from Spenser to Swinburne, you will realise that these conventions were pretty sacred. But Eliot obviously thought that English poetry had become sloppy and provincial; and he injected into it qualities that he not only carried in himself but had taken from foreign sources, mostly French. Perhaps 'taken' is too weak a word, for he once wrote: 'Bad poets borrow; good poets steal'. But you must remember that, although he wrote in English, Eliot was not an Englishman. He was an American, and he became a naturalised European long before he became a naturalised Englishman. He did become a naturalised Englishman in a much more than strictly legal sense; but he saw England as a province of Europe, and he saw European poetry as a single, though infinitely diversified, whole. That is one reason why we find in these early poems echoes of Dante, Baudelaire, and Laforgue. One or two of them were even written in French. He also returned to certain neglected sources in English poetry, notably the Jacobean dramatists.

The result was surprising; but it was not really revolutionary, in the sense that it turned poetry upside down. It simply reminded us of things that poetry had forgotten. We had come to imagine that poetry could be written only about things that were generally accepted as 'beautiful'—flowers and trees and highly romantic personal emotions. So when we read for the first time:

The winter evening settles down
With smells of steaks in passage ways.
Six o'clock.
The burnt out ends of smoky days.

And now a gusty shower wraps
The grimy scraps
Of withered leaves about your feet
And newspapers from vacant lots;
The showers beat
On broken blinds and chimney pots,
And at the corner of the street
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.
And then the lighting of the lamps.

—when we read this, we were disconcerted because these things did not seem to us the proper material for poetry. And if we now no longer find the poem in the least difficult or disconcerting, that is a tribute to the degree to which Eliot has transformed our taste.

Do you know that picture by Rembrandt of a carcass in a butcher's shop? I imagine that people may once have felt about that picture as many people felt about Eliot's poetry. If you have been brought up as we have in the Western tradition, on noble portraits, magnificent goddesses and sublimated madonnas, you may well be shocked by a slice of raw meat—until you see that the beauty of the picture is in the beauty—that is to say the truth—of the handling. Perhaps the greatest service that Eliot has rendered to English poetry is this enlargement of its subject matter. If you compare his output with Browning or Shelley or Tennyson, he does not seem to have written a great deal. But he has written about an immense variety of things. We think of him as an important poet because he communicates so rich and subtle an experience in such an original way. For Eliot, a poem has always had to justify itself thoroughly before he runs the risk of writing it.

Two things that English poetry had lost, or was in danger of losing, were the sense of irony and the sense of melodrama. Eliot restored them to us. For instance, there was his 'Rhapsody on a Windy Night':

Twelve o'clock.
Along the reaches of the street
Held in a lunar synthesis,
Whispering lunar incantations
Dissolve the floods of memory
And all its clear relations,
Its divisions and precisions,
Every street lamp that I pass
Beats like a fatalistic drum,
And through the spaces of the dark
Midnight shakes the memory
As a madman shakes a dead geranium.

Those wonderful two lines prepared us for the last section:

The lamp said,
'Four o'clock



Portrait of T. S. Eliot (1938), by Wyndham Lewis:

Mr. Eliot's seventieth birthday is on September 26

By courtesy of the Durban Municipal Art Gallery

Here is the number on the door.
Memory!
You have the key,
The little lamp spreads a ring on the stair.
Mount,
The bed is open; the tooth-brush hangs on the wall,
Put your shoes at the door, sleep, prepare for life'.
The last twist of the knife.

I doubt if many people any longer find this poetry difficult or obscure.

Difficult But Never Obscure

Strictly speaking, Eliot is never obscure, although he can be difficult; neither 'Gerontion' nor 'The Waste Land' is an easy poem, and they were not meant to be. But what the whole of this early poetry suggests, in one way or another, is a deeply pessimistic attitude to human nature and human life. You might suppose that in 1920, only two years after the folly and slaughter of the first world war, human nature would have been sufficiently ashamed of itself to accept Eliot's realistic valuation. But the poets, for all their indignation against the clumsy slaughter of war, were still rhapsodising. It had not occurred to them that the fault lay in themselves and in the civilisation of which they were a part. That is the meaning of 'The Waste Land' and 'The Hollow Men'; in these two great poems Eliot's irony becomes prophetic. It is charged, already, with religious overtones.

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rat's feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

Shape without form, shade without colour,
Paralysed force, gesture without motion;

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death's other Kingdom
Remember us—if at all—not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

In 'The Waste Land', which is far too complex a poem to analyse here, the cosmopolitan chaos and mediocrity—the 'falling towers' of 'Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria, Vienna, London'—are measured against a background of biblical symbol, and eastern mystical thought.

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience.

Towards the end the poet asks himself:
Shall I at least set my lands in order?

And he concludes with a quotation from the Upanishads:
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih.

End of the First Phase

'The Waste Land', with 'The Hollow Men' which followed it, mark the end of T. S. Eliot's first phase as a poet, and it is the note of tradition, not of revolution, that they insistently strike. In a rather caustic phrase Eliot once referred to our society as 'worm-eaten with Liberalism', and it was a phrase which English Liberals had some reason to resent. But there is a sense in which it is true to say that Liberalism, agnosticism, and romanticism

have, historically, gone hand in hand; and it was against the myth of inevitable progress and human perfectibility that Eliot set his face. He soon declared himself to be a 'royalist in politics, a classicist in literature, and an Anglo-Catholic in religion'. His royalism may be read as a convenient label for an attitude which we may generally describe as conservative—and which is not at all to be confused with the politics of the Conservative Party. His classicism left room for a great deal of technical innovation, and the subject-matter of his verse came to include many things which also appeal to romantic poets. His 'Anglo-Catholicism' defined his acceptance of Christian orthodoxy as the Church of England had handed it down from apostolic times. If the revolutionary is a man who accepts no authority but his own, the traditionalist is a man who believes that one cannot live fully without accepting the authority of other people. The authority must be defined and circumscribed, but it must be accepted none the less. In his quest for order as a bulwark against anarchy, Eliot had always searched for authority. When he became a Christian he identified it.

In the first poem written after his conversion, 'Ash Wednesday', a new note is struck, a note of humility and resignation, even—now and then—of fatigue.

Because I do not hope to turn again
Because I do not hope
Because I do not hope to turn
Desiring this man's gift and that man's scope
I no longer strive to strive towards such things
(Why should the aged eagle stretch its wings?)
Why should I mourn
The vanished power of the usual reign?

'Journey of the Magi'

At the same time he was inspired by the narratives of the Christian myth. Read the 'Journey of the Magi' and you will realise that what this poetry may have lost in intensity it has gained in simplicity and relaxation:

Then at dawn we came down to a temperate valley,
Wet, below the snow line, smelling of vegetation;
With a running stream and a water-mill beating the darkness,
And three trees on the low sky,
And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver,
And feet kicking the empty wine-skins.
But there was no information, and so we continued
And arrived at evening, not a moment too soon
Finding the place; it was (you may say) satisfactory.
All this was a long time ago, I remember,
And I would do it again, but set down
This set down
This: were we led all that way for
Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,
But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods.
I should be glad of another death.

Simple or complex, Eliot's poetry is always direct; it never blows itself up; it never goes roundabout merely for the sake of a detour. If it repeats itself with only the slightest variations, it does so because Eliot believes the repetition is important. And this brings me to the last of his big poems, 'Four Quartets'. Here there is much apparent repetition of image, melody, and theme, but we accept it as we accept the repetitions or the variations on a single theme in a musical composition. The 'Quartets' are deeply philosophical, and they are also intimately personal poems. 'East Coker' was the village in the west country where his ancestors lived before they emigrated to America. 'The Dry Salvages' is the name of three rocks off the coast of Massachusetts, which he had known as a boy. 'Little Gidding' was the name of a village where a community of Anglican families lived and prayed together in the seventeenth century, before they were scattered by the Puritans in the Civil War. Past and present, time and eternity,

the abstract reflection and the concrete instance, the personal and the impersonal, the local and the universal meet here and are juxtaposed. The nature of sanctity, with quotations from the English mystics and St. John of the Cross; the problem of writing, of purifying 'the dialect of the tribe', as Mallarmé had put it; the loss and recovery of innocence; the haunting spectres of history—Charles I on the scaffold, Milton 'blind and quiet', the composite ghost of Dante and Swift, whom the poet meets during an air raid, or the medieval peasantry dancing round the immemorial bonfire—all these are directly but discreetly related to the personality of the poet, and the result is one of the most complex and also one of the most satisfying poems in the English language.

'Murder in the Cathedral'

In recent years Eliot's plays have brought his name to a public which his poetry had left untouched. 'Murder in the Cathedral' showed him at grips with the Christian theme in the story of Thomas à Becket's martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral. It owed much to the Greek dramatists and the medieval mystery plays; indeed, it might almost have been described as a liturgical drama. The best poetry was put into the mouths of the chorus, but the most dramatically effective passages of the play were in prose—when Becket preaches his last sermon and when the murderers make their excuses to the audience. It is not really surprising that Eliot should have turned to the theatre, because so much of his poetry has been a poetry of situation, and if he had started writing plays when he was writing poems like 'The Portrait of a Lady', or had completed the fragment of 'Sweeney Agonistes', I think that his plays would have been at once more exciting and more poetic. In this fragment Eliot shows us two ladies of easy virtue talking about a man called Pereira. Notice how he makes the rhythms of their dialogue resemble the rhythms of jazz music:

DUSTY: How about Pereira?
 DORIS: What about Pereira?
 I don't care.
 DUSTY: You don't care!
 Who pays the rent?
 DORIS: Yes he pays the rent
 DUSTY: Well some men don't and some men do
 Some men don't and you know who
 DORIS: You can have Pereira
 DUSTY: What about Pereira?
 DORIS: He's no gentleman, Pereira:
 You can't trust him!
 DUSTY: Well that's true.
 He's no gentleman if you can't trust him
 And if you can't trust him—
 Then you never know what he's going to do.
 DORIS: No it wouldn't do to be too nice to Pereira.
 DUSTY: Now Sam's a gentleman through and through.
 DORIS: I like Sam.
 DUSTY: I like Sam
 Yes and Sam's a nice boy too.
 He's a funny fellow

DORIS: He is a funny fellow
 He's like a fellow once I knew.
 He could make you laugh.
 DUSTY: Sam can make you laugh:
 Sam's all right
 DORIS: But Pereira won't do.
 We can't have Pereira
 DUSTY: Well what you going to do?
 TELEPHONE: Ting a ling ling
 Ting a ling ling
 DUSTY: That's Pereira
 DORIS: Yes that's Pereira
 DUSTY: Well what you going to do?
 TELEPHONE: Ting a ling ling
 Ting a ling ling
 DUSTY: That's Pereira
 DORIS: Well can't you stop that horrible noise?
 Pick up the receiver
 DUSTY: What'll I say!
 DORIS: Say what you like: say I'm ill.
 Say I broke my leg on the stairs
 Say we've had a fire
 DUSTY: Hello Hello are you there?
 Yes this is Miss Dorrance's flat—
 Oh Mr. Pereira is that you? how do you do.

Man's Vocation

His second and, to my mind, his most satisfactory play, 'The Family Reunion', carries echoes of the Quartets; but neither 'The Cocktail Party' nor 'The Confidential Clerk' has much poetic incandescence. In all of Eliot's plays the theme is the same, though the setting and the situation are quite different. What is man's true vocation? What is he, being what he is and placed as he is, to do? The answer is given with a careful ingenuity, but the spontaneity of the natural dramatist is lacking. The natural dramatist knows how to break the rules or to make them up; Eliot is still busy learning them. Nevertheless, these plays are so rich in thought and feeling, even when they are most restrained in expression, that they have a way of imposing themselves on the most reluctant audience. All of them, except 'The Family Reunion', have been big box-office attractions, and they will probably hold a permanent place in the canon of English dramatic writing.

Eliot's ascendancy has been an achievement of character as well as intellectual power. It has been due to the courage, and also the modesty, with which he has recalled literature to order. His work has been crowned with the highest official recognition, but you have only to read his critical writings to see how independently he has established those standards by which he believes life as well as literature must be judged.

—From a talk first broadcast in 'London Calling Asia'

For T. S. Eliot's Seventieth Birthday

Your words pace with nervous precision up and down
 The confined squares and spaces of the mind.
 Or if it suddenly rains and we have to hurry
 Out of the park to shelter in a tea-shop,
 What pass between the railings and the rain
 In a soft screen of iron invisible as the hour
 Between rainfall and sunset, are your images.
 Or when fog obscures, tubes stop,
 It is you who have always been there.
 This is your city, for which you have merely prepared us.

On dirty hoardings Sweeney's potent shadow
 Squats over us like seed in the streets,
 And his thick rhythms mutter out a spell
 In our vernacular to tell the cards we need
 To substitute a fortune for a creed.
 Your words remain like tears
 In the dark corner of the nearest shelf
 Of the bedsitting room. Outside
 The fragments you so carefully collected
 Fly out like rocks hurled by our bandit selves
 In this red whispering desert of the west.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Wooden Walls

Reflections by KENNETH WOOD on the architecture of British Columbia

WE landed in Greenland in surroundings of snow and black volcanic rock, at a temperature of minus twenty, unprepared for the modern interior of the nissen-like airport lounge with its Danish furniture, fabrics, and light fittings, and the Eskimo souvenirs which snare the tourist while refuelling takes place: and so into the seemingly endless half night of the Arctic, over the wastes of snow and ice that stretch from Greenland and Baffinland, a thousand miles into Canada. Hundreds of miles of lake and marsh are succeeded by hundreds of featureless plain and then hundreds more of virgin fir forest. There is little sign of development, or indeed of human dwelling, until the outskirts of Edmonton where the roads go racing gridiron across the earth, straight into the distance as far as you can see. Like the other mushrooming bungalow towns of the mid-west, Edmonton sprawls across the plain like some great caravan site, the epitome of prairie planning—if planning it can be called—with its multi-coloured roofs, television masts, and cheerful, open, unfenced front gardens.

Over the fir forests and the Rockies, with the winter snows still on their peaks, is Vancouver, set ideally between a superb natural harbour inlet and the huge Fraser river. As the aeroplane drops down over the Burrard Inlet one sees the first evidence of the timber industry, the conical waste burners of the mills clustered along the water's edge, throwing up the few plumes of smoke in a predominantly electrified industrial area.

Timber is the chief source of revenue in British Columbia: forty cents in every dollar of the income of the province is earned from lumber, ply, pulp, manufactured goods and chemical by-products. From the logging camp where the trees are yarded in, they go by truck or railroad, usually to the nearest tidewater where they are sorted and towed or floated in booms down to the mills. Lifted by rack or chain pulley into the maw of the mills, and pinioned by steel teeth, they are spun and tossed like twigs on the de-barking and stripping machines, to make their way through the band mills, conveyors, rigs, edging and grading tables to the drying kilns and the yards, where the fork-lift and straddle trucks scurry about loading and stacking. Inside the mills is an almost unbearable clamour of machines as the abrupt reciprocating motion of the saws rend the logs; the men gleaming like Indians in the warm glowing atmosphere of pine resin and sweat.

Despite reforestation schemes and natural regeneration, the indiscriminate logging of the past has taken its toll of at least one species, and the limits of the huge Douglas fir resources are in sight. This is causing some concern in the timber industries and

great efforts are being made to move the demand over to the Pacific Coast hemlock, a substitute with roughly similar qualities, which is available in almost limitless stands.

The present Vancouver dates from the disastrous fire of 1886. Ninety years ago it was a settlement round a sawmill, and now it sprawls and spawns over the lower valley slopes, creeping up into the mountains practically unchecked until the recent contour limit on development. A different sense of scale applies on a continent where one drives fifty miles for an evening meal or a couple of

hundred for an afternoon run and it is not really surprising that the cities appear to lack any core, any centre. In the 'rush' attitude to life there is an air of haphazard development and incompleteness which is evident in the untrimmed verges to newly completed roads, the primitive sewage disposal, the animated neon signs and the cats' cradle of overhead services carried on gaunt 'H' frames, which lean at all angles down the service ways behind the city blocks. All this gives Vancouver the brash bold atmosphere of the boom town.

In direct contrast to this, at Don Mills outside Toronto is an area, largely the result of one design team, John Parkin Associates, with well-designed colonnaded shops, post offices, industrial development, almost fully glazed banks and modern courtyard houses. These mark the tentative moves to a coherent attempt at neighbourhood planning, with covered ways linking the new shopping areas, restrained advertising, outdoor seating, play spaces, and pedestrian quiet.

But Vancouver, like so many cities of the American continent, is tyrannised by the automobile, with motels, drive-in banks, cinemas, restaurants and service stores. One walks from necessity and not from choice; the pedestrian gets short shrift, public transport is minimal and the bicycle hardly exists. The rigidly planned gridiron of roads scarcely relates to the modern planning concepts of separation of vehicle and pedestrian, and traffic is swiftly clogging the arteries of the cities and residential areas, with all the deplorable effects from which our own big towns are now suffering. Despite one or two more ambitious schemes, town planning remains embryonic and most development appears to be planned only for the immediate future.

There is still a strong element of the old pioneering spirit of 'squander and move' in the North American make-up, and this, together with a swiftly rising standard of living which treats homes, towns, and land alike as expendable products, creates an insatiable demand for new houses. Both the estates of the speculative 'rush' builders and the architectural one-offs are unable to keep pace with the demand, and with high labour costs the



Architect-designed timber house in Vancouver

solution for many is the self-built house. This is often imaginatively designed by a student architect, and erected with only the help of the occasional wireman or other specialist tradesman. It is made easier by the almost universal use of pre-surfaced timber; that is, timber which has been planed at the mill and then is delivered to the site dead to size. This is easier and safer to handle than the rough-sawn carcassing timber to which we are accustomed in this country. It also permits an accuracy of site carpentry and a speed of erection unknown here. A house of 1,500 square feet can be completed in six to eight weeks with the general site use of electric power tools. This is closely tied to 'B. C.' economics of house construction, where the high labour rates and relatively low cost and abundance of the material set the pattern of building. This pressure of new housing and the demand of each to his own lot leads to widespread land speculation, forcing up the costs of plots, while the rash of commuter-owned bungalows races up the hillsides, and bulldozers strip whole areas and topple the giant firs with sickening speed. Meanwhile, the inner residential areas continue to slip downhill, and the once elegant and elaborately finished three- or four-storey timber apartments become dingy rooming houses.

Most of these new houses are timber framed, and construction is of two basic types. In the first and more general, walls are made up of a number of vertical timber members or studs nailed together and braced with top and bottom plates and intermediate stiffeners, to form a rigid framework which is raised into position as a unit on to the ready-prepared platform-decking of the foundations and ground floor. Internal walls are similarly constructed and the floor or ceiling above forms another platform, ready for another storey or the roof structure, from which it derives its name of platform construction. The other structural method is the application of the simple post-and-beam technique to form a framed structure similar to that obtained by steel or reinforced concrete, where the walls are panel fillings, and doors, windows, and solid panels can be freely positioned to suit the layout. The trend towards open planning favours development of this method, for it dispenses with the need for internal walls to carry the loads of floors and roofs and avoids the self-contained cubes of the paralysed plan.

The low-pitched roofs are formed with simple timber trusses or laminated arches, and finished with the almost universal



Covered shopping area at Don Mills, near Toronto

brightly coloured felt-tile roofs. These are laid with a precision and finish far superior to practice in Britain, and with none of the stigma of impermanence usually associated with them. The structural timbers and roof decking, often of solid two-inch thick cedar planks tongued and grooved together, are sometimes left exposed internally as the finished ceiling, the natural figuring of the timber giving a rich but inexpensive finish. Wall surfaces inside are finished with timber or veneered plywood panelling, natural or stained, or the more conventional painted and distempered plasterboard surfaces. Brick is an imported luxury material and little used on domestic work, and then only usually as an outer veneer, although 'keeping up with the Joneses' drives some house owners to the device of a brick-patterned felt or rendering as the outside finish. Generally, however, external finishes are timber in board or shingle form left in a rough-sawn whickery state and stained in colours ranging from silver greys and brown to bright pinks, yellows, and reds. These stains penetrate the wood and commonly need renewal only half as often as the paintwork on windows and doors.

What are these wooden houses like to live in? The Canadian climate after all is no better than ours. I can say at once that standards of heating and insulation in these bungalows and split level houses are considerably higher than in ours. Most houses have efficient ducted warm air or similar central heating, and the plant is often in the basement laundries. An abundant supply of natural gas and cheap electricity are the two main fuels, and solid-fired installations are almost unknown—oil is more used for industrial concerns. The timber-frame wall construction makes for comfort standards well above the miserly minimum of our model by-laws, and on balance it must be admitted that, for all the criticisms made, the average North American home is a warmer, more efficient and more attractive place.

Platform-frame and post-and-beam construction coupled with the development of glued laminated arches are employed not only in houses but in schools, churches, offices and public buildings. Timber is also used imaginatively throughout for furniture and finishes. Besides the Forest Products Research building by Thompson Berwick and Pratt—a fine example, as it should be—I remember some successful timber churches, especially the Highlands United Church by William Wilding. In this, small coloured glass panels are let into the timber-framed end wall of the nave to form an exciting pattern of light and colour



The Forest Products building, Vancouver

that is the modern equivalent of the stained glass window.

What are the prospects of timber building for this country? There is an increasing interest in the potentialities of timber and a number of schemes are already completed or in course of construction. After all, before the first bricks came into this country as ballast we had a tradition of timber framing, much of which is, in fact, the basis of North American practice, taken out by early settlers. But if there is to be a substantial increase in timber construction it must be on proved performance and economy under modern conditions. This can be achieved in a number of ways: first, by the design approach to its use and the fullest exploitation of techniques such as stress skinning, pressure impregnation, and

glue lamination; secondly, by the large-scale prefabrication of elements and components; thirdly, by a wide use of presurfaced timber and electric power-operated tools on the sites—these in my opinion would greatly benefit our building methods in any case; finally, by an unprejudiced appraisal of its merits and limitations by architects, builders, and local authorities.

The Canadian Government is anxious to regain its timber market in Europe, which since the war has passed largely to Russia and the Baltic States. A great deal of shipping space can be saved by the export of presurfaced timber—if they know our needs. But we ourselves will not know our needs unless we go to much more trouble to investigate our opportunities.

—Third Programme

Memories of Old Japan

By SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND

MANY years ago I remember seeing in London the picturesque figure of a visitor from China walking down the Strand. He was dressed in traditional Chinese costume—short, black jacket; somewhat baggy trousers; shoes with thick felt, soundless soles; a tight-fitting black silk cap with a button top; and a long pigtail. Everyone stared at him and he was followed by a group of small boys chattering and grinning. He must have felt utterly alone in a completely alien world.

The Strange Giant

In January 1899 I experienced, in reverse, something of what he must have experienced about the same time in London. I had landed in Yokohama with no previous knowledge of the country and gone by train to a village not far away. No doubt other Europeans had been seen there as other visitors from China, dressed in their traditional costume, had been seen in London. Nevertheless, the sight of a tall, thin Englishman, whose height was accentuated by a long overcoat, caused a small crowd of boys and girls immediately to collect. As I walked down the street in the evening light looking for an inn the crowd went with me, chattering, grinning, and obviously commenting on my strange and, to them, rather comic appearance. I knew no Japanese but I distinguished one word which was frequently repeated and I learnt afterwards that it meant 'giant, giant'.

I was twenty. I had no introductions to anyone in Japan, and as I walked down that village street I had never felt so isolated or in a world where it seemed so impossible to establish any human contact. In this I proved not wholly to be right. I soon found an inn and was received with great courtesy, shown where I could sleep, and informed, by signs, that food would shortly be brought to me; a charcoal stove was brought in—for it was a cold night—and I tried for the first time in my life to sit cross-legged on the floor.

In a few minutes three waitresses came in carrying trays on which was a varied collection of small dishes containing foods which for the most part were unfamiliar and which I was expected to convey to my mouth with chopsticks. I suspect that it was unusual for a visitor to be attended by as many as three waitresses and probably the appearance of an Englishman had served as an excuse for all three to come in and serve me. They sat round in a semi-circle and as they handed me each dish in turn I had to do my best to manipulate fish, strange vegetables, and, above all, rice with what surely must be the most impractical implements ever invented by man for conveying food from a plate to his mouth. But the uncontrollable laughter with which the three young women watched my ineffectual efforts relaxed my sense of isolation. I joined in their laughter, surrendered myself to instruction, and they taught me how to hold and use the two sticks. Thereafter our relationship soon became one of amused friendliness.

That was my first introduction to Japan, but I could not stay long in the village and in a few days went on by train to Tokyo.

As I sat in the compartment—a long one like those we have in trams—I noticed that some of the women passengers were finding it irksome to sit European fashion with their legs dangling: one after another rather shyly curled her legs up under her and sat, not very comfortably, on the narrow seat in the way in which she would normally sit on the floor.

Tokyo was then an almost completely Japanese city. I can remember only one European building—the principal hotel—but there may have been a few others. The houses and shops were all built in the style today made familiar to us by paintings and photographs; single-storeyed, with a wooden framework, the walls composed of sliding shutters and the roof curved and covered with heavy tiles. Almost everyone still wore the kimono and sandals, men as well as women, but a few men had taken to wearing a bowler hat which, to European eyes, looked strangely incongruous when combined with a kimono.

After spending a few days in a half-Europeanised, half-Japanese inn I was invited to stay with some most kindly Anglican missionaries and while there I witnessed a scene which it would have been impossible to witness a few years later. Tokyo was built almost wholly of wood, and fires were frequent and often devastating. One night I was roused from sleep because a fire had broken out in a row of houses near by. By the time I reached the window great flames were shooting into the sky and little seemed to be being done to check them. Then up came a strange group of figures dressed in brilliant scarlet splashed with circular golden patches, each carrying a scarlet pole surmounted by a circular golden disk. They climbed up over the burning houses with extraordinary courage, waving the poles and uttering what sounded like shrill incantations. My missionary friends told me that they were priests who were endeavouring to placate or exorcise the angry fire-god. In and out of the smoke and flames they clambered, crying out their invocations in high-pitched, piercing voices, completely regardless of danger; and then, just when the flames were beginning to die down, a small tank on two wheels was brought up, like those which at one time were used for watering gardens in England, and a small thin stream of water was pumped on to them. Next morning nothing of the houses was to be seen but the tiled roofs, which had subsided almost intact on to the ground.

Bathing at the Inn

A few days later I set out on a bicycle under the guidance of a son of one of the missionaries. At the inn where we stopped on the first evening my friend explained that it was the normal custom for visitors to assemble before supper in the bath-room and each in turn to take their dip. As foreigners we were politely invited to be the first to enter the bath, and to my extreme embarrassment a young woman came to undress me. There was nothing for it: I had to submit, and as I walked across to the bath in the clothes in which I was born there was a murmur of—what shall I say?—surprise?—admiration? or what?—at the whiteness of my skin. When I was sitting in the bath, rather distressed by the heat

of the water which came up to my chin, several people came over and smilingly stroked my shoulders, evidently to see what white skin felt like.

One evening, as my friend and I were sitting on the floor of our room cowering over the stove and trying to keep warm, we heard a weird distant cry several times repeated and followed by a curious rattling sound. The cry came nearer. Someone was approaching through each room in turn, for we heard the dividing screens being pushed back to admit the owner of the voice. Nearer and nearer it came and then the screen of our room was unceremoniously pushed back and a man came in carrying a kind of sieve half full of dried peas. He took no notice whatever of us; his eyes seemed to be fixed on some inner vision, as he cried out in a high-pitched voice what sounded like an urgent exhortation. Then he threw a handful of peas against each wall in turn and again cried out, but this time in a more commanding tone. He left our room as he had come in, completely ignoring us; and the rather unearthly sound of his voice gradually receded as he went on from room to room. We learnt afterwards that we happened to be at that inn on the day of its annual cleansing from such evil spirits as had managed to make their way into it during the year.

It was experiences of that kind which, in those days, brought out the vividness of the contrast between the Japan that was introducing the industrial methods of the West, was building up a powerful fleet of modern warships and training a modern army, and the Japan which still clung to and believed in the myths and superstitions of a medieval past. I spent no more than a few weeks in the country but everywhere I went in that short time I was conscious of the clash between those who wanted to modernise Japan and those who resisted the abandonment of a traditional way of life. That conflict was setting up stresses and strains which affected profoundly the personal life of many men and women and could cause much individual suffering.

It so happened that I made the acquaintance of the daughter of a Japanese father and an English mother: she had become engaged to a Japanese in London and had come out to Tokyo to marry him. In appearance she was unmistakably Japanese but in speech, education, and habit of mind completely English. In London her fiancé had not seemed to be greatly different in outlook from her English friends; her father she never remembered



Two photographs of Japan at the turn of the century: Ginza Street, Tokyo—

to have seen, for her mother had refused to go with him and to take her children with her when he returned to Japan. Consequently when the girl reached Tokyo she was met by a father who was a complete stranger and one who, to her dismay, disliked everything western. He told her as soon as she arrived that she must at once abandon all her English ways and transform herself into a Japanese woman ready to subject herself in all things to the will of her future husband.

The prospect appalled her. She comforted herself with the thought that her fiancé would not share her father's views, would continue to be as Europeanised as he had been in London and would live the cosmopolitan life he had lived there. But no sooner did he return than he showed himself to be an entirely different person in Japan from the one she had known in England. He announced at once that he shared all her father's views and insisted, as he had done, that she should henceforward live as she saw Japanese wives lived. This prospect filled her with such horror and dismay that she escaped surreptitiously from her father's house, sought refuge in the home of an English missionary, and ultimately made her way back to England.

Viewed dispassionately, the attitude of her father and fiancé was not altogether unreasonable or surprising, but the story illustrates the extreme conflict in which, at that time, those Japanese could become involved who, in the course of a long stay in Europe, had become insensibly more Europeanised than they themselves realised, and who automatically resumed their Japanese personality on their return home.

Just before I left a young man came to see me to ask if I could help him to get to England. He had acquired a remarkable knowledge of English and wanted passionately to come to this country. But his father, too, disliked foreign ways, his whole family disapproved of his ambition, and he saw himself condemned to what seemed to him a narrow, conventional existence with no hope of escape. I could not help him; but the look of appeal and despair in his eyes has remained in my memory as the symbol of what many individuals must suffer in any country—not only Japan—which is in the early process of crossing over from an age-long pattern of life to one based on a wholly alien tradition.—*Home Service*

Michael Joseph have added to their series of 'Wisdom' books *The Wisdom of Confucius* and *The Wisdom of Lao-tse*. Both are translated, edited, and introduced with notes by Lin Yutang, and are priced at 21s. each. From Methuen comes *The Parting of the Way: Lao Tzu and the Taoist Movement*, by Holmes Welch, also 21s.



—and the greeting of a guest by the staff of a country hotel

Pay As You View

By SIR ARNOLD PLANT

IT is surely the aim of those who administer our television services to extract from this incomparable new medium of communication the full potential service which it is capable of rendering to the community. Are there still serious gaps in the service which could be filled by financial adjustments, without depriving viewers of any amenities they at present enjoy or charging any more for them? My view is that there are, and that they could be put right by adding a supplementary service, administered if thought desirable by the existing authorities, on the principle 'pay as you view'—but do not pay if you are content with what you now get.

In what I have to say I intend to imply no criticism of the financial administration of either the B.B.C. or the Independent Television Authority. It is the system of finance and not its administration which is inadequate.

The growth of television has been extraordinary, and its impact on social behaviour profound. Watching television is an easy but absorbing occupation which imposes severe constraints on one's mobility and other activity. Many millions of people have abandoned different activities which occupied their minds and bodies only a few years ago in order to spend hours each week in their living room with their eyes and ears concentrated on the television screen; inactively observing, as Bertrand Russell has said, the activities of others. It is their free choice, in a free world, and it is not my purpose now to question their choice, or examine all its implications for society. But everyone will wish that the time so spent should be used to the best advantage and afford the greatest possible lasting satisfaction.

Hope Springs Eternal

So long as the set is a novelty, viewers will naturally spend a good deal of time trying out the general run of programmes, finding out what to expect and what they are likely to enjoy looking at in the future. That kind of experimental viewing has been sustained during the last three years by the rapid spread over the country of the alternative programme offered by the contractors to the Independent Television Authority. It is likely, however, that this intensive search for something to look at will subside after a time and give place to more selective viewing. There is no doubt that a great many people now enjoy some of the programmes very much indeed, and will make a point of going on watching others of the same kind. Tastes differ, and the highly skilled television programme staffs are quick and competent in judging popular tastes and catering for them. But if the demand is more and more for programmes which are costly in themselves and depend for their quality on scarce talent, the prevailing system of finance sets a sharp limit on the amount of satisfaction that television can provide. Much current viewing undoubtedly gives rise to disappointment. People go on viewing because hope springs eternal, and because, having bought the set and paid their licence fee, it costs them virtually nothing but time to go on. This cannot be good for the long-run reputation of the television services, and much of the dissatisfaction arises from the financial problem of providing a sufficient choice of really good quality programmes for all the hours over which the viewing public—and the advertisers—want the television services to be maintained.

A television service for the general public is bound to be expensive to maintain. Its rate of consumption of valuable programme material is tremendous. Communication is so effective that few repeats are called for, and only a small proportion of even the finest programmes have much lasting value. No single service can satisfy everyone all the time. Viewers therefore press for more and more choice. For the B.B.C. to provide a second choice of acceptable quality, without increasing the licence fee, a good deal of financial wizardry would no doubt be required.

I myself have no doubt that for financing the essential minimum service, that is, the greatest common measure of public demand, the flat licence fee is the most convenient and equitable system. But that leaves serious gaps of desirable service unfilled. It cannot meet the cost of important additional programmes which many sections of the public would welcome, and which many would be willing to pay for, rather than go without them. B.B.C. patrons are rather like the members of a club which charges an annual subscription. So far as costly amenities are concerned, the club must confine its services to those which most members will use to a reasonable equal extent. Expensive items in elastic and varying demand, such as drinks and meals, must be paid for separately as members choose to demand them. The B.B.C. could not afford to use up more and more of its licence money on costly programmes with only a sectional appeal.

Appealing to the Masses

Unfortunately, the Independent Authority's service is not designed to fill these gaps. The Authority is required by the Act of 1954 to satisfy itself, at any rate, that the programmes maintain a proper balance and a high general standard, and they are, by all accounts, widely appreciated. This achievement is the more remarkable in view of the peculiar financial arrangement under which the Authority has to operate. The service need not be worth buying—it is free to viewers—and the advertisers who pay for the whole thing are not allowed by law to supply or even to suggest any part of the programmes. From their point of view the efficiency of the service is measured by its coverage as an advertising medium for the goods and services they want to sell. The demand for advertising time is so large that the cost can, in general, be afforded only by the suppliers of mass-produced goods for sale to the masses. In consequence, the programme contractors, if they are to serve their customers, the advertisers, as well as they can, must take particular care that their programmes make a steady appeal to the greatest common factor of the viewing public, that is, the masses. They must not concern themselves overmuch with select viewing interests: a high, steady circulation is the aim. Occasional spectacular successes may please advertisers who happen to have 'spots' next to them, but they will offend far more advertisers whose announcements are billed for other days or times.

So the defects in the system of finance mean, first, that many admirably suitable subjects which continually arise, but which can be secured for television only by paying very high fees, are not transmitted at all, and therefore are never enjoyed by large sections of the public. Secondly, the authorities cannot afford to televise anything like enough first-class programmes of wide general interest of types which are at present available. Thirdly, there is a severe limitation on the number of good programmes which appeal only to select groups of viewers, and, in particular, fourthly, there is an almost complete absence of educational specialist serial courses, as for example those in applied science and technology, for which television is a medium of unrivalled efficiency.

A Variant of the Scrambler System

These and other gaps can be filled, and the vast potentiality of television more fully realised, if there is added to what already exists a new 'pay as you view' service. There are several systems but all are based on one principle: sound and vision signals can be transmitted in a distorted or confused form, and when picked up on the receiving set become intelligible for a controlled period only if the recipient has the means and the will to clear them. It is a variant of the scrambler system which has been long in use for confidential telephonic communication.

Of the various types which are ready for use I will describe two. One, the Telemeter, works for cash down. It consists of a coin-box attached to an ordinary set. A little window lights up and displays the price, say \$1 or 5s., of a programme shortly coming on: a voice announces the channel and describes the programme. A viewer who wants it inserts coins in the slot, the window acknowledges receipt until the full amount is paid, when the scrambled transmission is automatically unscrambled. Viewers who do not want it can continue to receive free programmes available on other channels.

The other system I will describe is that offered by the Zenith Corporation of Chicago, which has been doing research and development work on subscription radio and television ever since 1931. I myself saw their latest 'pay as you view' television system working perfectly on their premises a few months ago. The unscrambling device is a dialling mechanism neatly attached to the top of an ordinary set. There are five dials, each numbered 0 to 9. The viewer has a programme card covering a period of, say, a month, setting out the programmes, their times, the channel, and viewing charge. The code number for each programme is covered by an opaque film which can be removed by an ordinary eraser. The viewer sets the five-digit number on the dials of his set, and the transmission is then automatically unscrambled. Pirating, as for instance by ringing up a friend and getting the code number from him, is virtually impossible; for the master code for each programme is translated by an electronic computer into a different number for insertion on every viewer's programme card; and with five dials numbered 0 to 9, the chance that two acquaintances have the same numbers is infinitesimally small. So is the chance of getting a programme *en clair* by experimental twirling of five knobs. The programme-card system allows one period's credit: to get the next period's card for his set the viewer must first return the old one with payment for the programmes he has taken, as evidenced by the erasures which have revealed to him the code numbers he required.

An Additional Service

Those who object to the idea of paying for a television programme should bear in mind that the free service would continue as at present to offer all that can be provided on that basis. 'Pay as you view' would apply only to programmes which no one would otherwise be able to view at all. It is an additional optional service. What kinds of programmes could the system provide? Straight plays by the leading actors in the settings from the finest theatres, all-star opera or ballet from Covent Garden, musicals from Drury Lane, the latest outstanding feature films, musical concerts by the world's most renowned performers, the great sporting events. Above all, new, high-quality performances in the theatres and concert halls could be organised which only the combination of theatre box-office and 'pay as you view' television could finance. All of these things could be viewed throughout the country by anyone who is unable to leave the home—invalids, young couples with baby-sitting problems, families living out of easy reach of high-quality entertainment, and also by all who prefer to share their enjoyments in the family circle, in the comfort and convenience of their own homes. The producers of costly entertainments have financial problems which 'pay as you view' television could often solve.

There are about 9,000,000 television sets licensed. If 1,000,000 owners took a programme at 5s. the yield would be £250,000 for one transmission, and with five viewers at each set the entertainment would cost them a shilling apiece. The late Sir Alexander Korda saw in this device new hope for the really creative producers in the cinematograph industry. The cinemas today are largely patronised by young adults and adolescents, and feature film producers have always to keep their fleeting but insistent demand in mind. That can go on, and cinemas will still retain the patronage of audiences who like big gatherings and large screens, or who prefer not to see films in the company of the rest of the family. But film producers and actors who could create films addressed to the more adult and discriminating public in the home as well as the cinema, with the freedom from financial anxiety which 'pay as you view' can offer, would derive a deeper and more lasting satisfaction from their work. It is worth noting that in the United States the system has been supported

by Presidents of both the Motion Picture Producers' Association and the Actors Equity Association.

Effect on Live Performances

The organisers of sporting events would no longer need to fear the competition of television. The receipts from 'pay as you view' transmissions of outstanding fixtures would be large enough, in all probability, to finance insurance policies guaranteeing minor events, taking place at the same time, against loss of gate money. The main events themselves, in the theatre, the concert hall, and the sports stadium can usually count on large attendances. Long experience of the effect of gramophone record sales and broadcasts provides pretty convincing evidence that they have strengthened rather than sapped the general interest of the public in attending live performances.

A third television channel is under discussion. Why should it not be used for 'pay as you view', as opportunity offered, as well as for free programmes? No entirely new organisation need be established to administer it. The B.B.C. has the expert staff, with experience in drawing up suitable contracts and conducting the necessary negotiations with the various interested parties; and so indeed have the Independent Authority and its programme contractors. They might agree to co-operate in launching the new system: although there is no need and indeed no place for advertisements in 'pay as you view' programmes. The viewers voluntarily provide the necessary finance.

Some of you are no doubt thinking: this man is obviously an enthusiast, who ignores the snags. Very well, let us face the chief snag. Granted that 'pay as you view' could augment and enrich the television service, would it not also attract from the existing systems many of their best programmes and deprive them of much of their present quality and appeal? On that point, it is impossible to say what general pattern will emerge in the long run, but in the early years a great deal will depend on the administrative arrangements and policy. I would readily agree that an independent and uncontrolled service, which had the financial incentive and resources to embark on a policy of fierce competition with the B.B.C. and I.T.A. for their best existing stars and features, with the aim of building up quickly a full-range programme entirely composed of 'pay as you view' items, could cause great disturbance and confusion. If a show could earn £1,000,000 a week that way, what promoter would feel satisfied to continue on an existing service for £1,000? And why indeed should he?

But that is not at all how I envisage the inauguration of the new service. It can be administered by the existing authorities, its introduction would be experimental, and its development gradual. It must of course offer at least enough for the unscrambling attachments to the receiving sets to be worth having. It should start with features and personnel not at present available on television at all. It could develop, on 'pay as you view', more frequent programmes of the kind which can at present be financed only very rarely on the existing services; but the authorities can see to it that what exists at present shall continue, so long as it is worth offering. It is indeed likely that stars would themselves be unwilling to forgo the wide publicity which is afforded them by their present occasional appearances on the existing services.

Why the United States Rejected the System

Why has it not been adopted in the United States? It is, I fear, a sordid story. The governmental controlling authority, the Federal Communications Commission, has encouraged experiments and tests over many years. For instance, it authorised the Zenith Corporation to organise a three-months' trial in Chicago as long ago as 1951, another from a New York station in 1954, and one from Washington in 1955. It then proposed to give all the various systems a trial, and invited comments from those interested. There was a flood of protests from opposers led by the two leading networks which arrange advertising programmes. Nevertheless, the Commission decided in October 1957 to authorise a three-year trial, beginning last March, in any city served by at least four Grade A stations, so that public response could be studied, adequate controls devised, and consideration be given to possible standardisation of the systems. The result has

been that this Congress has been bombarded by protests, organised from the same two quarters, and bills have been tabled to deprive the Commission of the authority even to arrange for trials of the system. The Commission has yielded for the moment, and announced in August that the trials have been postponed for twelve months to give the next session of Congress time to debate the bills. But 'pay as you view' also has strong public support. The violence of the opposition is evidence of that. In May last, former President Harry Truman contributed a powerful statement to the *Northern Virginia Sun*, wholeheartedly supporting the system and commenting bitterly that things have come to a sad state in America when the opponents are so afraid that they do not even want tests to be allowed. Even in that country, established

interests tend to become hard set, and high temperatures have to be generated before conditions are softened up sufficiently to make way for new improvements.

In this country the great development of television has come more recently, and the situation is still fluid enough for the introduction of 'pay as you view' side by side with the existing systems. All of the important interests concerned with the financing, production, planning, and development of our entertainment and cultural institutions must surely be ranged on the side of making a start. 'Pay as you view' can impart new strength and hope; and vastly extend the public service which it is their purpose and ambition to offer. Why not get it going before the concrete sets too hard?—*Third Programme*

'The Gaffer'

Memories of a Gloucestershire schoolmaster by LEONARD CLARK

WE called him 'The Gaffer', 'Gaffer' Emery. A letter addressed to 'Emery, Gloucestershire', would certainly have reached him. Forty years ago he was my schoolmaster, until I went off to the grammar school at about eleven. He was proud of his surname and used to point out, whenever the occasion demanded, its significance for us. We were his crude metal and he the polisher. There was something in the idea, too, for he ruled our country school for a lifetime with a rod of iron, and knocked off many of our rough corners in the process. He was one of the old-fashioned kind, a true, preaching schoolmaster, of the days before the Great War; he knew exactly where he was and made certain that we knew where we were.

John Alfred Emery was of Welsh extraction, though if you laid *that* against him he would immediately counter by declaring that he was Welsh on one side only. He had the same answer for Welshmen, when they detected the English in him. Born and bred in rural Monmouthshire, he was trained as a teacher in its elementary schools and then at the Normal College at Bangor in North Wales. 'And it was a hard training, too', he used to inform me, 'no messing about, and no frills, you got on or you got out'.

Having married a beautiful, dark-haired wife (Welsh on both sides) he emigrated some thirty or forty miles to Cinderford in the Forest of Dean and, on a rain-sodden morning in January 1895, became the first head master of the new Double View school perched on the bare crown of that mining town. It was called Double View because its many long windows looked out over the river Severn and its entrancing valley on one side, and the massed woods and hills of the spreading forest on the other. Very soon Double View school became Mr. Emery's school: and he knew it.

Creature of Habit

I can see him now walking up the hill to that school, a little before nine o'clock on any morning from Monday to Friday in the year. So regular was the promenade that he had been known to make it by mistake during the holidays. He was first and last a creature of habit. Short, rotund, powerfully made, with florid face and questing green eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, he was a great storer up of words and observations. They were delivered at you when least expected. His head, though bald as a full moon, was very fine and he held it proudly. Every point of it, sandy eyebrows, firm lips and prominent ears, bore the marks of determination. The podgy features had enormous powers of acceleration, quick to anger, quick to laughter: John Emery bristled. His words of stricture were like barbed Welsh lightning, but he soon calmed down, the sudden tempest over.

It needed courage to be head master of Double View in his day. He boasted that he had been the first man to wear a top hat in the town without having it knocked off. Those of his first

pupils who are still living remember that challenging hat and how the waiting stones seemed to fall to the ground automatically from trembling hands when they spotted who its wearer was. The rest of the man was a traditional Victorian mixture of black frock-coat, with trousers to match, starched shirt and collar, and highly polished boots. By the time he broke into my infancy, the schoolmaster's hat, companioned by mothballs, had been laid away in the Emery wardrobe, for special occasions. I got used to seeing him in baggy, tweed knickerbockers, a green Norfolk jacket and a cloth cap, with brightly shining brown brogues.

A King to His Kingdom

John Emery walked up the hill, and past the houses where eyes peered at him from behind lace curtains, as if the whole world was waiting for him to appear, as the world of his school was. Juvenile scouts stationed, rather precariously, on the heights of the school walls, would spot him the minute he reached the doctor's surgery at the corner. A dozen voices would call out 'The Gaffer', a multitudinous tangle of legs would disappear from the wall in an instant: and a hush, like death itself, descend on the playground. 'The Gaffer' would then stride through the school gates in full glory, a king to his kingdom, greeting one and all by a casual wave of his umbrella. I have never known any man who had so great and so instantaneous effect upon people. He once told me, years afterwards, about a Goliath of a man, with fists as big as bags of flour, who threatened to knock his head off for caning his son.

'Well', said John Emery, beginning to peel his coat off, 'if that's the way you want it, let's go out into the yard and settle it once and for all'.

The giant looked at him as if he had met his David. He started back, twisted his cap in his hands, swore under his breath, and crept away, defeated.

'I have often wondered', 'The Gaffer' chuckled, 'what would have happened if he had taken me on. I'm only five foot six and I can't see a foot in front of me without my glasses'.

He knew a great deal about the make-up of the common school-boy. He was not so well informed on girls, largely, I suspect, because he had a wife and a daughter as spirited as he. The terms 'juvenile delinquent' and 'child psychology' would have been treated by him with contempt. As far as he was concerned, right was right, wrong was wrong, and it was as simple as that.

'The Gaffer' loved the English language and hated us to murder it. His own speech, with its Welsh lilt, was clear and deliberate, and he was a fine orator. He worshipped Shakespeare and could quote at length from him. He believed in the efficacy of Latin and Greek roots and drilled them into us. He was constantly pulling us up, when our grammar went astray and if our dialect became a bar to communication. 'Because you live in a forest', he used to thunder, 'you are not wild animals. Therefore, you must speak the King's English'.

Monday morning was the great morning of the school week. Then, 400 strong, boys in jerseys, girls in pinafores, with nine or ten teachers draped round the hall in various attitudes of reverence, the school would assemble for hymns, prayers, and a homily from 'The Gaffer'. At least once a year, after the dreaded visit of the school nurse, we were given, with bloodcurdling illustrations, the detailed, intimate life-history of the common louse. Faces would grow pale, a girl or two would faint away, but the story would go on and nobody was spared. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness', was his text on this occasion, 'and combs are a penny each'.

'Where Are Your Aitches?'

I was thinking the other day of one particular assembly in early autumn in the nineteen-twenties. I was then a member of staff—the youngest and rawest. We had all given a doleful rendering, accompanied by a piano which would have been more at home in the bar parlour of The Swan Hotel, of 'O God our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come'. With a sleep-shattering crash 'The Gaffer's' cane descended on his desk. 'Where are your aitches? Where are your aitches?' And they came. They came like an east wind through the corn stubble on Farmer Holder's land, whose golden acres were only a short walk away. With uplifted hands the children were motioned to silence. 'Thank you, thank you. That is an improvement. Now, if you please, we will have it without the gale warning'.

For all his directness he was rather subtle and had a kind of innocent cunning when he wanted to get the best out of people. This gift he sometimes took to extremes. On the day I became one of his pupils, fresh and fearful from the junior school, he looked at me with never a muscle of his face stirring, took in my whole fifty-four inches at one glance, and then asked me three questions. I have forgotten the first two but I can remember that I answered them quickly and correctly.

But the third was a conundrum shot at me as if from an airgun: 'A man went into the playground and cut himself into pieces'. He waited for my comment. My wits deserted me. It was not even a proper question. What was the old fool getting at? Was he going to ask me to pick it all up, wrap it up in newspaper, and put it in the dustbin? I had no answer. Then it occurred to me that a man couldn't very well cut himself into pieces, but if Mr. Emery said he had, then who was I to contradict? So I continued to look bewildered.

He dismissed me with a frown. But as I trotted off back to my classroom his voice bore down upon me from where he stood with wagging finger outstretched and pointing at me: 'And how do you think you are going to get to Oxford University on *that*?' I was aged nine. But at this distance in time I still do not know what I was expected to answer.

Ferocious Exterior But Warm Heart

John Emery spoke the truth and spoke it plainly. He was fair, he had high ideals, he hated cant, though he would exaggerate if he thought it necessary. But underneath all his ferocious exterior was a warm heart. He would not spare himself to give help where he knew that help was needed. He detested injustice and was deeply moved by poverty. I remember the occasion when he suddenly assembled the whole school on a Friday afternoon. What was going to happen? Our consciences began to trouble us.

'Now you listen to me', said 'The Gaffer'. 'Lily and Josie are away from school today. Their father has just been sent to prison. I know that you are little brutes, but you are not to mention their father to them. You are not to shun them, either. If I hear of anyone who does so I shall know what to do about it. Now go back to your rooms and get on with your arithmetic'.

John Emery was a public-spirited man, a supporter of every local charity, a member of the Volunteers (he looked deadly with a carbine), and of the school's scout troop. He automatically became secretary to our war memorial fund and it was he who got Lord French to unveil the town's statue. We have never forgotten the Armistice Day when a real Field-Marshal, baton and all, marched through our streets at the head of troops led by the full band of the Gloucestershire Regiment. And there

was our tubby little 'Gaffer', frock-coated and top-hatted again, among his old boys, stepping it out with the best of them somewhere at the rear of the grand procession. The trouble was that he could never keep in step.

What else can I say of him? He was shrewd and rarely deceived, and he was a wonderful showman. He knew how to advertise his school to the best advantage, he was always experimenting and some of his ideas were in advance of the time. We never knew what he was going to be up to next.

Later on, when I became a member of his staff, he always expected more of me because I had been one of his boys. I tremble now when I recall standing before him with bowed head and flushed face as he lectured me about something I had said or done wrong. 'I wouldn't have thought it of you'—and the lips curled. 'Where are your brains, boy? In your feet?'

When the day came for him to retire at the end of the nineteen-twenties, we said our farewells in school to him and Mrs. Emery before they got on the bus for Gloucester, to pick up the train for London where they were going to live with their daughter. Again it was a rain-sodden day. The double view was blotted out by mist. Hardly a soul saw them leave. But as the bus flashed by I watched him out of the corner of my eye give a last look at the school, and wondered if he would be dabbing his eyes with his red and green silk handkerchief, the size of a small tablecloth.

Some years later I met 'The Gaffer' again, but he had aged. He leaned on my arm and the fire had gone out of him, though not the enthusiasm. He talked incessantly of the past, of his old boys and girls, of his school. When his wife died he faded away into a shadow of a man. Life, apart from his daughter, had little meaning for him. But there remain those who remember him with respect, a country schoolmaster who, for all his sternness and eccentricity, taught us to love words and people.

—Home Service

The autumn number of the *Social Service Quarterly* (September-November, price 2s. 6d.) contains an article by Sir Arthur Forde, the Chairman of the B.B.C. His subject, 'Obstacles to Work', is based on an address Sir Arthur gave in July to the London Council of Social Service. Another contributor to the number is Dr. W. S. Flowers, who is Medical Superintendent and Secretary of the Yorkshire Association for the Care of Cripples; he writes about rehabilitation.

Thomas to Peter

Fair night and soft thief furtive in the loft
Counts the quiet breathing while his fingers rifle
And sleeper turning makes the faint heart stop,
Till golden cock-crow start him from his haunt
To travel dark between the silver hedges,
And will wake Hesperus the morning star
To lead aside his million-prickled dome,
And look! the easter sunrise light him home.

Foul night and stricken sailor in the shrouds
Clinging in storm above its roar to hear
The deeper groan of water upon rock,
Till golden cock-crow on the pitch-thick wind,
Shredded by tempest, faint but acid-clear,
Tells him the land but also dawn is near,
White sun will rise and black sea silent fall
And general day-spring chart out every shoal.

Long night both fair and foul of thief and storm,
Peter, we have sighed through, Peter, have borne
That triple-headed tree denying Him,
Till golden cock-crow turned the two-faced world
Heaven-side upward, O most terrible
And painful to us: but let us arise blithe,
Dress in the dark, and some to prime to pray,
And some to half-lit fields with shouldered scythe!

HILARY CORKE

NEWS DIARY

September 17-23

Wednesday, September 17

President of Board of Trade tells Commonwealth economic conference that Britain is to relax some of her dollar import controls

Demonstrations take place against food prices in Bengal

Death of Ted Kavanagh, who wrote the scripts of 'Itma'

Thursday, September 18

National Union of Mineworkers votes to accept wage increase offered by Coal Board

United States vice-consul wounded by gunmen in Nicosia

Friday, September 19

Algerian rebel leaders proclaim 'a provisional government' in Cairo

Five men are sentenced to imprisonment for 'making an affray' in Notting Hill, London

Saturday, September 20

President Eisenhower rejects Mr. Khrushchev's latest note about the Far East as 'abusive and intemperate'

Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery retires from active soldiering

M.C.C. cricket team leaves London for its tour of Australia and New Zealand

Sunday, September 21

Governor of Cyprus rejects allegations of brutality against men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders

Mr. Khrushchev calls for an overhaul of education in the Soviet Union and says that 'all children leaving school should do some physical labour'

Liberal Party conference ends meeting at Torquay

Monday, September 22

Mr. Sherman Adams resigns from his post as President Eisenhower's Chief Assistant

Text released of an interview between Archbishop Makarios and Mrs. Barbara Castle, M.P.

Chancellor of the Exchequer announces a new system of loans for British Commonwealth Development

Tuesday, September 23

Secretary-General of Nato arrives in Athens to discuss Cyprus

Secretary of State for War praises the restraint of British troops in Cyprus

General Chehab formally installed as new President of Lebanon

Unexploded time-bomb is found in the Eiffel Tower



The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family photographed at Balmoral, Scotland, last Saturday, with Commonwealth delegates who had come back from the conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy at Geneva. The nuclear scientists were entertained to luncheon by the Queen and the Duke



A general view of Newport Harbour, Rhode Island, on September 20, when many yachtsmen gathered to watch the match between *Sceptre*, the British challenger, and *Columbia*, the U.S. defender for the America's Cup. In the first race, *Columbia* (top right) won by 7 minutes 44 seconds

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The referendum on the new French constitution proposed for the Fifth Republic is to be held next Sunday. General de Gaulle, the Prime Minister, is seen addressing vast crowds in the Place de la République in Paris when he opened the referendum campaign

Left: Delta-winged Gloster Javelin jet-fighters passing over St. Paul's Cathedral during the fly-past on September 21. A service commemorating the eighteenth anniversary of Battle of Britain Day had been held in the cathedral



naud, the actress and pianist, in London on September 20. woman by birth, she acted whole life chiefly on the stage, principally in light and farces. She made her first in *The Quaker Girl* at the theatre in 1911 and she has t regularly for the B.B.C.



The first Thor ballistic missile, being supplied from U.S.A. to the R.A.F., under guard at Feltwell, Norfolk, on September 19, where it had been handed over to Bomber Command



Hop pickers at Wadhurst, Sussex: they are stripping the vines by hand in the traditional manner while a portable wireless set provides the workers with music

Letters to the Editor

Can a Machine Create Art?

Sir,—There is an interesting machine known to me which can, in its humble way, certainly create works of art. It is called the Harmonograph, and it consists of a horizontal platform, on to which a sheet of paper can be placed, and a pen arm, which is free to move across the paper. Both the pen arm and the platform are freely and independently suspended from points above the platform and can be put to swing in simple harmonic motion with various changing amplitudes and relative phases. Quite beautiful and intricate designs may be created by this machine, depending on the degree of perfection of its construction and the skill of its operator, or, we might say, programmer, since once the machine is started it continues on its own.

The great variety of results that may be obtained is remarkable for such a simple device and they might even be collected together, for a particular machine, into the form of a book, much the same as some people do with postage stamps. Moreover, the machine cannot be said to think, for its action is fully spontaneous; nor, of course, can it be said to feel any regrets on the production of a somewhat plain design, or to produce a particularly beautiful design with great feeling, although its inventor may well do so. The addition of colloidal protoplasm would therefore be superfluous.

It is presumably conceivable that the principle of operation involved in this machine might be embodied in a more elaborate computer-like device (using resonant circuits as the basic oscillatory components) to produce some kind of musical designs, but the credit for the works of art produced, if any, would surely have to go to the inventor and operator of the machine.

More generally my view is that the logical terms of reference adopted for speculation on these matters, for example, in Mr. F. H. George's discussion (*THE LISTENER*, September 18), are usually far too narrow and too readily overlook the fact that the greatest works of art are extremely rare and individual creations. They are the outcome of the living experience of a great individual and they are usually the result of many decades or even generations of tireless and concentrated human endeavour: for example, in music, the later symphonies of Mozart, the fugues of J. S. Bach or many of the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti.

Yours, etc.,

PETER DAWE

Oxford

Broadcast Poetry

Sir,—Mr. Warren in his letter on broadcast poetry asks for the moon and yet he is quite naturally unable to suggest a way of getting there.

What is the B.B.C. trying to do? Entertain, I think; and present in many of its programmes such material and entertainment that it becomes delightfully and educatively entertaining. One has only to witness the effect on school-children of prose and poetry readings presented by the B.B.C. I know from first-hand experience that the children more often enjoy these readings than they would enjoy a reading from a teacher who, apart from having a great love of poetry

and being himself a regular reader, has no other qualifications to read aloud to an audience.

I wonder if Mr. Warren has tried reading poetry to an audience of children, as I have? I wonder if Mr. Warren has ever lived, eaten, and worked with professional actors and actresses, as I have? I wonder, too, if Mr. Warren has ever spent time adjudicating at amateur poetry-speaking festivals and laughed and almost wept, as I have?

If he has he will have found:

(1) That children are the hardest to please, because they will tolerate only the best kind of performance combined with real sincerity. They are not too concerned with genuine 'feeling'.

(2) That good actors work harder than most to achieve, first and foremost, truth and sincerity of performance.

(3) That amateur festivals are crammed with people who love poetry and voluntarily read it, and that when it comes to intrusion of personality, the amateur, the un-artful, has it every time.

Speaking poetry is indeed a difficult art; and since art implies the communication of something, every art has its techniques, its artificiality, if you like. Anyway, just to love poetry, just to be a habitual reader, is not necessarily a qualification for putting a poem across to an audience. Granted, there have been performances by actors who did not understand the poem in the sense that Mr. Warren means. But I suggest they understood it in a way Mr. Warren cannot understand, and the people who have liked these performances have experienced the poem in a way Mr. Warren has not experienced it.

The crux of the matter is this: should there be public performances of poetry? Well, who is likely to stop them? Then let the B.B.C. experiment in the way Mr. Warren suggests. My bet is that the listening audience would decrease rapidly.

I wish Mr. Warren had made it clear that he perfectly understood the vast difference between private reading and enjoyment of poetry, which, after all, is not an art, and the public performance of poetry, which is an art.

Yours, etc.,

West Bridgford

DENIS F. KENNY

David Bomberg

Sir,—Those few who for years recognised David Bomberg as an outstanding and sorely neglected artist will, of course, be delighted with the enthusiastic reception Mr. Sylvester has given the memorial exhibition at the Arts Council, and the similarly receptive remarks by other leading critics. But why, one wonders, could this only have happened a few months after Bomberg died impoverished and neglected?

There must be something seriously wrong in British art circles if someone now described as one of the two or three greatest English painters of this century could not, for twenty or thirty years, find any private gallery willing to give him a one-man show, or any public body like the Tate Gallery or the Arts Council to purchase one of his works, thus giving him the encouragement and financial assistance he so urgently needed. How is it that the blind have suddenly been able to see? Or was there some

kind of prejudice against Bomberg the man?

Yours, etc.,

Twickenham

CHARLES S. SPENCER

Mr. Eliot's New Play

Sir,—Mr. Leslie Paul says (*THE LISTENER*, September 18) that he does 'not quite follow' my 'line of reasoning'. I don't quite follow his, especially as he seems to confuse the issue by bringing in another of Lord Claverton's questionable assertions, viz: 'In becoming no one I begin to live'.

It would be interesting to know what Mr. Eliot himself means by what he puts into the mouth of his character. Presumably his meaning is that Claverton is about to die, has not yet lived in the spiritual or true sense of the word, and is either thus living now or will do so when dead. But whatever precisely he means, and however we may live before or after death, each of us, as even Buddhists must admit, is certainly in some way *someone*. To assert, therefore, that anyone can become no one is a fallacy.

Mr. Eliot might also care to explain the Claverton assertion that led to the present correspondence. To me, and to others to whom I put it, the gloomy view that 'it is worth while dying to find out what life is', not only ignores the fact that many find life well worth living before they die, but, as I said in my previous letter, is no reliable balm for the inexorable fact of death.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

HENRY SAVAGE

'The Vichy Regime'

Sir,—Your reviewer of *The Vichy Regime, 1940-1944* (*THE LISTENER*, September 18), confuses the author of that book, Robert Aron, with his namesake, Raymond Aron. It is Raymond Aron who was a Gaullist in London.

Robert Aron, as he has told in his book, *Le Piège où nous a pris l'Histoire* (1950), was in the French Army in 1939 and 1940, and in hospital at the time of the French armistice. In November 1942, at the very moment of the Anglo-American landings in North Africa, Jean Jardin, Laval's *chef de cabinet*, made repeated efforts to get him an air passage to Algiers, and meanwhile sheltered him for ten days in his own house on the outskirts of Vichy. Robert Aron ultimately reached Algiers via Spain, where he was delayed for some time in what he calls the concentration camp of Miranda. In Algiers, he founded the monthly review, *La Nef*, and after the liberation he transferred it to Paris, where it is now edited by Mme. Faure, wife of a former French Prime Minister.

Yours, etc.,

Peterborough

MONTGOMERY BELGION

Portrait of a Classical Scholar

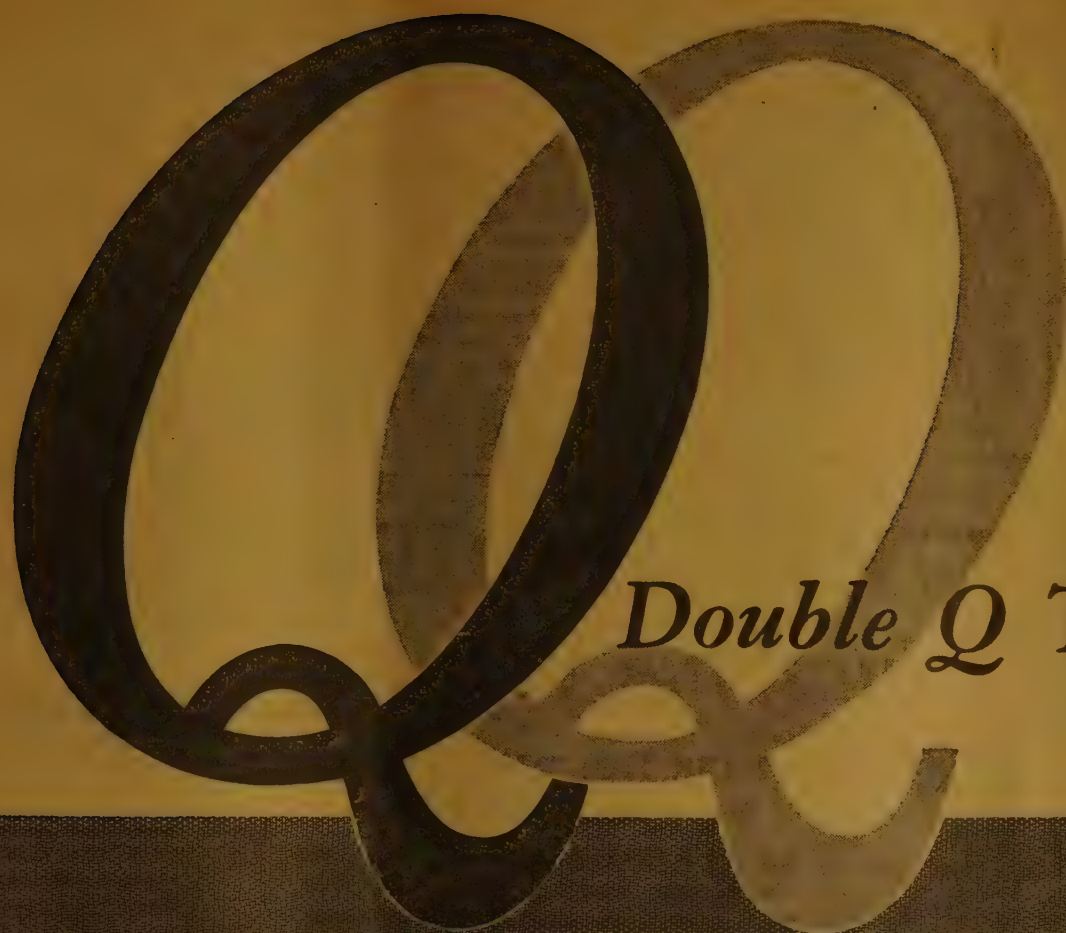
Sir,—If anyone writes in, you may care to say that the anecdote which I recounted of Sir J. J. Thomson must have been about an earlier Master of Trinity, W. H. Thompson. I was not of an age, I expect, to distinguish between a story told about 'J.J.' and one told by him.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.3

RAYMOND POSTGATE

[This letter reached us too late for publication last week.—EDITOR, *THE LISTENER*]



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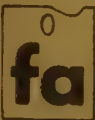
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Autumn Planning for Gardeners

Reminders What to Do Now

By F. R. McQUOWN

THE best time to 'spring-clean' the garden is in the autumn. You can make a start on lifting gladioli directly they have stopped flowering. Loosen them with a fork, and get them up by gently pulling the foliage. You need not let the foliage die down, so cut it off about an inch above the corms, put the corms in a box in a dry place, and six weeks later you should pull the old corm off from underneath the new one. When you do this, you should also pull the leafy covering off the top of the new corm, because sometimes pests lurk under it. (I know bought corms have this covering left on, but they are treated with insecticide before they are sold.) Gladiolus corms store best in a dry, warmish place; a cupboard in the living room is ideal.

Most summer bedding plants will be finished by the first frosts, and unless you have a heated greenhouse there are few you can save. It seems a pity to let the geraniums go, and some people take cuttings in August and keep them on a window sill. I do not advise this for small gardens, because it means cutting off the flowering shoots just when they are at their best, and without a heated greenhouse the cuttings are often late in flowering next year. I am not talking about real geraniums, but the pelargoniums we call geraniums, such as 'Paul Crampel' and the like. If you have not taken cuttings, one trick is to dig the old plants up, shake the earth off the roots, wrap the plants in three or four sheets of newspaper, put them in a loft or attic, and forget about them till the spring. It is surprising how often this works.

Turning now to the hardy herbaceous perennials: there is some controversy about them. Some people say you ought not to cut them down, as the dead tops protect the roots. This is not an excuse to save trouble; it is true. However I think a lot of dead vegetation looks depressing in the winter, and I take mine off. If a plant is not hardy enough to stand the winter without leaving the tops on, I should grow something else.

The most important job in autumn is to plan for next year. Perhaps I can give a few broad outlines to help you to give your individuality full scope. The first thing is to give yourself some space to do what you want. I think it is safe to say that every garden contains some inferior plants, some gardens more than others. Is it not about time they came out? Even if you do not clear the whole garden of rubbishy plants, at least promise yourself that you will have one bed with nothing but first-class plants in it.

When you have some clear spaces, you need not be in too much of a hurry to fill them with permanent plants. It is much better to wait until you see something you really like, and in the meantime you can always put in bedding plants next spring, or you can put in plants like wallflowers and polyanthus now for a spring bedding display. If you want to save money, you

can plant some hardy annual seeds in the spaces next spring. It is necessary to keep these spaces clear of permanent plants if there are any creeping weeds about, such as couch grass or ground elder. Using temporary plants ensures that the ground is frequently dug until the weeds have been eliminated.

You will be thinking of planting some bulbs. I should like to suggest some neglected ones. Why not try some winter-flowering crocuses? *Crocus ancyrensis*—yellow; and *sieberi*—soft



Primula malacoides: 'Rose Bouquet'

blue—are so cheering to look at in the dark days of February. Do not forget the common snow-drop either. There is one early tulip you ought not to miss, named 'Madame Lefebvre'. It is large, bright scarlet, and comes out with the daffodils.

Try next year to go to some horticultural shows to see what you like; but if you like something be sure to check that it is suitable for your soil and situation. Next, find out how long it blooms, because in a small garden you need long-blooming plants. Find out also whether it needs much tying up. An important point is to know whether it disappears below ground for part of the year, because if it does you will have to put it next to something that is always visible, so that you know where it is and do not dig it up.

Remember that there is a good reason for being different from your neighbours, because if there is any disease about the disease will not take any notice of the garden fence. For example, there are great numbers of neglected apple trees about, and they are so full of disease that it is a problem to keep apples healthy in a small garden. So why not have a pear tree? 'Conference' is a good one, because it is hardy and sets fruit with its own pollen.

—Light Programme

Growing *Primula malacoides*

By F. H. STREETER

PPRIMULAS of all kinds have enriched our gardens from many lands. One of the finest to my mind to reach us from the east is *Primula malacoides*, which was introduced from Yunnan, China, by George Forrest in 1908. When this primula first reached us, the plant had small flowers, very flimsy stems, and looked rather fragile. Its colour was a poor mauvish pink, and it bore little resemblance to the varieties in existence today. But the breeder saw at once the great possibilities in this plant, and set to work on it, and I know of no plant that has responded so magnificently as *Primula malacoides*.

It is difficult to compare this primula as we know it today with those first wild types introduced over fifty years ago. The height of the plant has increased; the size of the flowers is much larger, and the whole plant sturdier, with strong supporting stems replacing the flimsy predecessors. The plant now flowers in whorls, on wiry stems nine inches to a foot high, and there may be ten to fifteen spikes all carrying blooms at once. It is indeed a wonderful improvement.

I think their colours are the most amazing thing of all about these plants. Take, for instance, the named variety 'Welcome': here the flowers open crimson rose and deepen off to a rich crimson shade. 'Appleblossom' is a beautiful apple-blossom shade of pink; 'Enchantment' is most striking, large purplish-mauve flowers with a purple-brown zone surrounding the golden-brown centres. There are many more equally beautiful.

Primula malacoides is a splendid house plant. It will last for months in an ordinary room; even twelve months if the old flowers and dead leaves are kept picked off, and the plant watered and fed; but the normal flowering period is from December to June. They are easily raised from seed sown in the spring, very thinly in sandy soil, and the seed barely covered. In fact, if you place a plant after flowering on an ash bottom and let the seed fall on the ground, the young seedlings will spring up as quickly as mustard and cress.

Use a sandy compost at all times. Prick the seedlings out into seed boxes as soon as they can be handled easily. Then pot into three-inch pots and stand them on the ash base, with a sprinkling of soot over the ashes. If you wish, you can flower them in these pots, but you get much finer specimens by potting on into five- or six-inch pots. The masses of flowers they will throw up will more than repay you for the extra shift into the larger pots.

Always keep them in the cool, just free of frost. They are very nearly hardy, and protection from frost is all that they need. This type of primula is a good plant, too, for the busy man or an invalid. They are little troubled by pests and require only ordinary treatment in the cool. They are also good mixers with other flowers and bulbs.—Network Three

The Art of Oskar Kokoschka

By ANDREW FORGE

UNTIL now the most informative work on the great Czech painter, Oskar Kokoschka, has been Edith Hoffmann's biography published at the end of the last war. Hans Wingler* has now recorded every known oil painting by Kokoschka and a similar catalogue of the graphic work is to follow. Besides the catalogue, which is fully illustrated, this book contains an exhaustive bibliography and a detailed year by year survey of the artist's life. There is also a generous section of full-page plates designed to interlock rather than overlap with previous publications. An important feature of this section is the illustration of Kokoschka's two principal decorative works, the 'Prometheus Saga' painted for a ceiling in a house in London in 1950, and the more recent 'Thermopolae'. The book is prefaced by an introduction by Mr. Wingler and three essays by Kokoschka.

The catalogue gives evidence of much detailed documentation and a sensitive examination of the internal evidence. However, for the reader, the complete picture of Kokoschka's development will become clear only when the graphic work is published. At the moment certain episodes are mystifying, in particular the exceedingly sudden transition of style at the end of the Dresden period.

Occasionally Kokoschka has returned to a picture over a period of years and repainted it. Or he has returned to a certain place and painted from a spot that he had used years before. This catalogue allows one to make useful comparisons of these recurrent versions and one's only regret is that it is not possible to follow them among the full-page illustrations where, for example, it would have been of immense value to have the stages of the picture now called 'The Fountain'.

This excellent book does more than give facts about Kokoschka: it shows his art to advantage. His pictures are nothing if they are not images and they read well in spite of the small scale. There is also something most sympathetic about the inclusive, encyclopaedic form of the book. Kokoschka's work is all of a piece thematically and the content of one picture is enhanced by others like it.

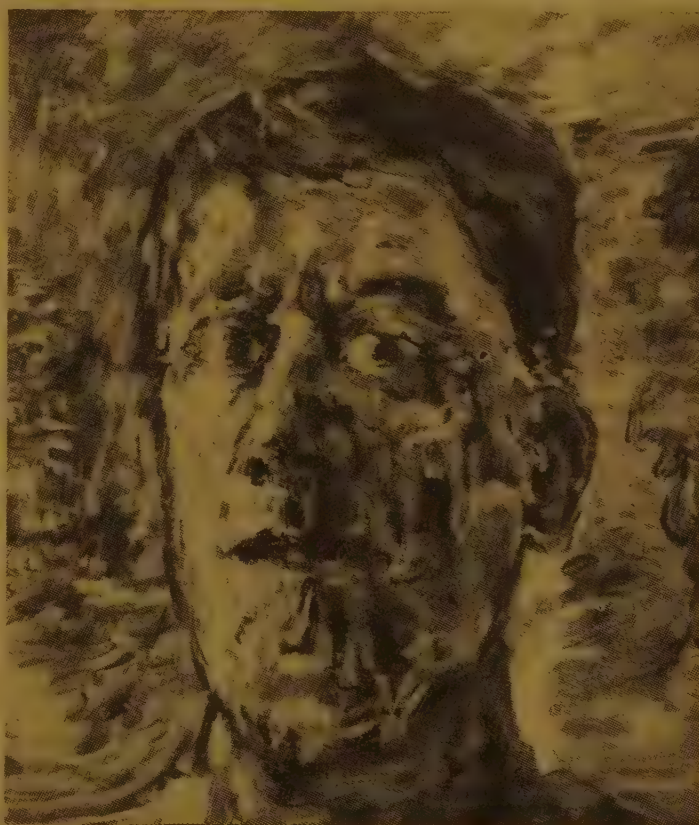
Writing of one of his favourite pictures, Altdorfer's 'Alexanderschlacht', in a recent essay reprinted here, Kokoschka touches with great warmth upon a certain theme:

The earth-ball really turns in this picture. . . .

Its movement is seen at the first glance—the turning of the sun's fire, space circling round the pregnant earth that brings all reality into existence.

This vision of the 'earth-ball' is the theme of all those painters who have meant most to him, Brueghel, Tintoretto, the baroque decorators of South Germany. And his own work has

aspired to some sort of twentieth-century cosmography. He has made the source of this ideal of world-painting quite clear on various occasions. It lay in a book given to him by his father when he was very young, the *Orbis Pictus* of the Czech humanist of the seventeenth-century Comenius. 'This classic encyclopaedia of humanism', Kokoschka said in a note in Edith Hoffmann's book, 'pictured men of all



Detail from 'Portrait of a Degenerate Artist' (1937), by Oskar Kokoschka

nations as belonging to one family. . . . It described both the phenomena of the animate and the inanimate . . . and put man in his place in the cosmos'. He has made it clear that it was from this book that he also gained his belief in the power of images, a conviction that they communicate more directly than words and at a deeper level.

Kokoschka's art has always made great claims; each picture has been a statement, focused on particulars but making forceful claims to some general truth. This was true of the earliest portraits, painted in Berlin and Vienna before 1914, which were immediately accepted even by hostile critics as telling psychological insights. A good deal of nonsense has been written about these portraits but it is undeniable that they convey, in a way that no previous portraits had done, certain states and attributes of mind. What is important in relation to his later work is that these portraits add up to more than an assembly of individuals. He was painting a class, an élite of misfits. He was making the kind of blunt and naive social

statement that only Van Gogh before him had been able to make in painting.

By the mid-'twenties he was painting from a wider vantage point. The development is reflected in every aspect of his art; in the subject-matter which now included the cities and mountains of Europe; in the development of space in his pictures which became airy and precise in contrast to the nightmare ambiguity of the earlier works. It is reflected most exactly in the self-portraits; in the difference between the obsessed, erotic prisoner of 1913 and the dry and confident workman of the 'Self-portrait with Cap' of 1932.

For him painting has always been a language. 'Kokoschka's aim with his pictures', Mr. Wingler observes, 'is to set up standards of thought and behaviour. They fulfil their function most effectively when they reach the widest possible public'. Since the mid-'thirties, with pictures like the 'Masaryk' portrait, 'The Red Egg', and the recent 'Thermopolae', he has claimed a position as a modern history painter, approaching the contemporary world with the apparatus of symbol and allegory and the underlying sense of virtue of an old master.

And yet, one need hardly say it, it is not his humanism as such that makes him so fine a painter. One cannot but contrast him with other painters of the day who have shared his views about the function of art; and in doing so one arrives at a point that has been curiously neglected in most writing about him. This usually concentrates on the humanism and psychology (as Wingler tends to do) or appears to apologise for all that, by insisting upon his qualities as a

'pure painter' (as Hoffmann tended to do). Like Goya, the driving force in Kokoschka's painting, the furnace to which all other aspects are connected, is a colossal capacity for direct unprejudiced experience. This does not constitute sympathy for his subjects, still less love for them; it is rather an overwhelming conviction that they are actually *there* and that their attributes are as they are. It is expressed everywhere in his best work, in the selectivity of the drawing, in the handling, in the exact and sensitive situating of each form in space, above all in the openness with which he engages with each formal problem. Here there are no preconceptions, no notions that one form is nobler or more humane than another, but simply a continual search for the true one in this particular picture. He draws, paints, composes with the same rawness as he experiences the subject, on the bare nerve. That this capacity should be unmuffled by and indeed sharpened by the will to communicate is what places Kokoschka in a position of his own among living modern painters.

* Oskar Kokoschka, by Hans Maria Wingler (Faber, 8 gns.), from which our illustration is taken

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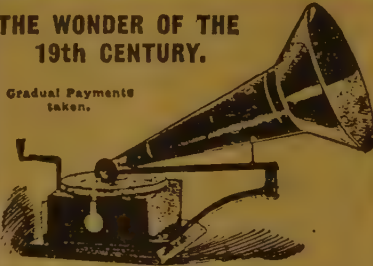
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Selected Letters of Thomas Wolfe

Selected by Daniel George. Edited and introduced by Elizabeth Nowell. Heinemann. 25s.

A PHYSICAL GIANT, 6 feet 6 inches tall with torrential energy and appetites and senses scaled to his bulk, it seemed inevitable to anyone who met Thomas Wolfe that if this man took to writing the result would be Niagara or nothing. The torrent which eventually boiled from his pen did have the inevitability of Niagara but if the spectacle was grandiose it carried away with it all those subtleties of technique and taste which, for some critics, constituted literature.

The present volume of letters occasionally rises to the vast, cumbrous heights of those prose-poems which made his novels resound with biblical language, but most of the letters are far more direct and economical. They begin when Wolfe was eight and produced a simple missive—'I am sorry to hear you are sick'—and range on until his death when he wrote his last letter, once more the essence of simplicity, to Maxwell Perkins on August 12, 1938, having crammed a mad, passionate, exaggerated career full of Elizabethan zest and extravagance into the thirty-seven years of his life. Confronted with an original American edition of 800 pages, Daniel George has succeeded in taming the splendid beast to a mere 312 with no more than one omission of consequence.

Elizabeth Nowell, in her introduction, makes it clear that Wolfe's most interesting letters were the ones he never posted. Conflicting motives sometimes drove him to break off in the middle of a letter, stride up and down the room, mutter suspiciously 'Well I don't know . . .' and abandon the letter altogether. Alternatively, when driven to a passionate piece of rodomontade in angry reaction against criticism, he might suddenly be overtaken with caution, re-write the letter several times, gradually prune away its more explosive eloquence, and finally post a brief non-committal note which would not have disturbed the British Foreign Office. A prey to indecision, he sometimes sprawled splendidly across acres of paper in reply to a particularly maddening letter and then left the result lying among a mass of manuscripts for several weeks. Profoundly lost in his creative world, the practical machinery of buying stamps and posting letters was frequently beyond him, and hundreds of unposted letters added to the mass of papers which crammed the suitcases and packing-boxes overwhelming the furniture of his apartment.

There emerges from the present volume a portrait of a big, bursting, passionate creature who could throw himself into a brawl where the impulse to kill and kill bloodily overwhelmed every civilised susceptibility, and a person so sensitive that it was only with a sustained effort that he brought himself to read reviews of his books; a person unaware of the true nature of the compulsions which drove him, who wrote monstrous variations upon his own character and life story in book after book. Words whirling, he would throw himself into battle and trample down any but the most obvious argu-

ments. 'For one thing I am starving for publication! I love to get published: it maddens me not to get published! I feel at times like getting every publisher in the world by the scruff of his neck, forcing open his jaws and cramming the manuscript down his throat—God damn you, here it is—I will and must be published'.

It was typical of Wolfe that his tempestuous prose should fail to come to terms with the far more subtle issue of *implication* in the novel and that evocative relationship in which the reader completes, by imaginative extension, what the novelist has implied. None the less, these letters are obligatory reading to anyone with pretensions to a serious interest in Wolfe. We have lost something in the colloquial parsimony of much of our current prose beside this breath-taking torrent of words, at their worst suffocating, at their best 'wondrous Elizabethan'.

The Outlaw on Parnassus. By Margaret Kennedy. Cresset Press. 15s.

The novel, which arrived on the literary scene too late to become the godchild of one of the Muses, 'hung about the holy hill, a gypsy squatter' never completely discountenanced nor wholly accepted, and partly for this reason, Margaret Kennedy thinks, has been subject to very little genuine criticism. It appears rather to have bred apologists, who have recommended it as a stimulus to moral virtue or to civic consciousness, perhaps because its essential purpose, to tell a story, is too closely associated with the child's pleasure in *The Three Bears* at bedtime, or with such absurdities as Xenophon of Ephesus laughed at in the second century A.D.—'So, how did poor Herodames escape? Why! The cross to which he was bound blew into the Nile, and he floated comfortably all the way back to Alexandria'.

Another sixteen or seventeen hundred years were to carry the novel far beyond poor Herodames, but up to the end of the last century, story-telling was still its primary business. Perhaps it cannot really be anything else, but the story has been considered the least important part of it during the first half of this century. Miss Kennedy quotes Virginia Woolf's famous passage, which begins 'Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day . . .' and concludes 'Life is not a series of giglamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit with as little mixture of the alien and the external as possible?'

Miss Kennedy also quotes, for the purpose of refuting it, E. M. Forster's remark in *Aspects of the Novel* that the story has no intrinsic aesthetic value. It is merely 'a structure to support finer growths'. Regarding these two passages as a challenge, she replies with a spirited defence of pure story-telling, using as her example, fairly or unfairly, the *Odyssey* in a few pages of comment on the return of Odysseus so rewarding that no one is likely to complain of the unfairness. But does not the truth really lie between the two attitudes, that the 'finer

growths' in a novel must spring organically from the story and that the story, even the *Odyssey*, would be dead wood without them?

Miss Kennedy cannot stand the term 'The serious novelist'. Still more she dislikes 'The serious novelist in the best sense'. For her 'What you can do you may do' is the only rule for the novelist, who should be called simply either a good novelist or a bad one. She betrays some prejudice against the 'semi-transparent envelope' kind of novel and expresses a preference for novelists who do not live in ivory towers but read newspapers and mend fuses. Nowadays there may be fuses and even newspapers in the ivory towers. There were, Miss Kennedy says, some dreadfully bad imitations of the novels by the Bloomsbury Group, but then there have been bad imitations of all original work, even some very trying little constant nymphs. In her admiring passages on the great novelists she knows and loves so well, it is nearly always the 'finer growths' that she holds up to our admiration. In fact this is a lively, partisan piece of writing, with which the younger novelists who have returned to the fashion of straightforward story-telling are likely to have much sympathy, and which no writer nor reader of novels could fail to find stimulating. It is enjoyable for its humour, its hall-mark of wide reading thoroughly digested and erudition lightly worn.

More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls By Millar Burrows. Secker and Warburg. 35s.

When some great battle is being waged in modern warfare the ordinary man can have little idea of how things are going unless an experienced war correspondent who has been in the thick of the fray can give him an expert judgement. Reports of confused fighting appear in the press. Violent claims are made by both sides. Rumours appear and are contradicted. Everybody has his own theory of what is happening, but only the experienced can speak with confidence and they are usually cautious in expressing their opinions. The Battle of the Dead Sea Scrolls has now been raging for ten years. Its result is still entirely uncertain; the sweeping conclusions drawn about its significance in the early stages have appeared less and less likely as time has gone on; the whole affair is not a *canard*, arising out of medieval documents being mistaken for ancient, and is not going to result in a revolutionary overthrow of conventional ideas about the origins of Christianity. But still all day long the noise of battle rolls and still new scholars leap every year into the conflict, hurling ideas and theories at each other with undimmed enthusiasm and often with undisguised malevolence.

Professor Millar Burrows has already published one weighty book on the subject, which became, and deserved to become, one of the most widely-read books on the Dead Sea Scrolls. Now he has produced another, 400 pages long, reviewing his judgements in the light of the new evidence which has appeared since his first book. This volume will well maintain his reputation

as the most trustworthy of the war correspondents. His photograph, reproduced on the dust-cover of this work, represents him as possessing an austere, almost Wilsonian, countenance: this austerity he carries into his judgements on the theories of other scholars, and it is a most welcome quality. He is invariably, almost monotonously, fair; he gives a place to the wildest theories of Del Medico, to the most romantic fancies of Allegro, but he refuses to be impressed by any theory unless it can produce solid evidence (which few theories can); he will not even allow that the identification of the Qumran sect with the Essenes has been finally established. He includes a small number of translations of newly published material from the Scrolls and an impressive bibliography. But his habit of giving no references in his quotations of other scholars' opinions is disconcerting. When, in one of his rare mistakes, he places Hippolytus at the beginning of the second century (page 266) we cannot discover whether the error is his or that of his source (Del Medico).

The general impression created by his survey is slightly depressing. After ten years' confusion and controversy the burning questions of the date and order of the Qumran documents are not nearer solution, except that the more extreme suggestions must be discounted. Neither can the identification of the characters mentioned in the Scrolls be said to be clearer; instead of having six different suggestions for identifications we now have about 160, but that is all. Yet whatever conclusions are finally reached about this baffling subject (if any ever are) they will have to be reached in the spirit and by the methods so notably exemplified by Professor Burrows.

A Concise History of Art. By Germain Bazin. Thames and Hudson. 35s.

History of World Art. By Everard M. Upjohn, Paul S. Wingert, Jane Gaston Mahler. Oxford. 63s.

Many grown-up persons may long have felt the need for a history of world art which will slip into the raincoat pocket: those who are concerned with the 'quiz' or the crossword, politicians, public speakers and international salesmen, who can no longer neglect art but feel no need for it. It is these who will find M. Bazin's remarkable exercise in concision most useful—and the publishers and translator, Francis Scarfe, have made an excellent job of it. The selection of the illustrations is sound, the black and white blocks first rate. The reader is carried from Lascaux to Henry Moore; the Far East is dealt with in forty-three pages; the art of the Americas is concisely summarised. The text is not made dull by the lack of a personal viewpoint, and, though sometimes wilful, M. Bazin is never silly. He lives up, to a remarkable degree, to his prefatory aim 'to give the uninitiated reader as many precise ideas and established facts as possible'. The number of names mentioned in this small compass is staggering. This means, of course, that his dates have got to be right, and quite a few are not (e.g., several Spanish painters, and there are two errors of century on page 322).

M. Bazin's book is a sort of Bradshaw of the arts of the West, in which many quite minor halts receive a passing mention: one is genuinely astonished that such a considerable artist as Adriaen de Vries (however unfamiliar) is unrecorded. Its defects are not normally of

omission for Western art—a page and a half for the painting of China may be judged over-concise. A book of reference for the 'uninitiated', if it is written to be read currently, needs a little explanatory warmth, a feeling that the reader has a certain thirst for knowledge—unless it is addressed only to the sort of person mentioned at the beginning of this review. The absence of this quality in M. Bazin is illuminated by the *History of World Art*, written by three Professors at Columbia University.

The remarkable novelty in the new edition of the *History of World Art* is that some indication of size is given below nearly every illustration, which makes up somewhat for the fact that the blocks are immensely inferior to those in M. Bazin's book. It has also been revised 'with careful consideration for the basic requirements of introductory courses throughout' the United States—and this, perhaps unexpectedly, gives it a warmth of reference which is a great comfort after reading M. Bazin. The 'uninitiated' American undergraduate is a much nicer reader to cater for than M. Bazin's uninitiates. The book is never really concise, and it is often stimulating, but it is much more like those abbreviated Continental time-tables, which leave out a lot of the places you want to go to.

The defect of this *History of World Art* is that it has none of M. Bazin's international impartiality, but reflects the current fashions in teaching in American universities. The remarks on British painting are sometimes laughable and the arts in Germany are skimmed to an astonishing degree—for there is no mention of Bamberg or Naumburg, or of Altdorfer, or the great German baroque architects, or of Caspar David Friedrich, all of whom find just comments in M. Bazin's pages. On the other hand the art of the Far East (and also, naturally, of the Americas) is much more fully treated than by M. Bazin. The book has considerable virtues, but it won't go into the raincoat pocket.

Ideas, People and Peace

By Chester Bowles.

Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

All too often United States policy-makers appear unable or unwilling to accept the international facts of life and tend to hover between a starry-eyed idealism and a dangerous brinkmanship, which sends cold shivers down the spines of their friends and allies. It is one of the virtues of the book under review that its author, a former American ambassador to India, is prepared to face unpalatable facts squarely. While freely criticising his country's policy on a number of issues, he is constructive in his criticism and shrewd in his observations.

His general thesis, which he emphasises time and again, is that economics, politics, and ideas have been sacrificed far too often to military expediency. In support of his argument he quotes Admiral Mahan's maxim that the purpose of military power is to provide time for moral ideas to take root. Disregarding this axiom, his countrymen today, he remarks, tend to act as though 'the creation of supreme military power is not simply an essential means to an end, but the ultimate goal of our free democratic society'. In similar vein he criticises American readiness to regard a strongly anti-Communist stand as the main qualification for an ally or associate or for any country seeking economic

aid, whereas anti-Communism, he considers, should be regarded as of only secondary importance. The primary requisite for the receipt of economic aid should be the establishment of minimum standards of economic effort and reform. This, in his view, is the best way to create 'the political atmosphere in which indigenous and often Western-educated young democratic leaders may effectively influence the development of their own countries'.

While ranging over the underdeveloped countries of Asia in general, Mr. Bowles directs his main attention to India, which he regards as the key to an independent Asia, and to China, about whose relations with Russia and plans for industrialisation he has some pertinent observations to offer. In view of the present concern over India's increasing financial difficulties and Communist China's renewed shelling of Quemoy, his comments are particularly apposite at the present time. Amongst his most telling passages, in fact, is one in which he exposes the false position into which American policy towards Peking has led the United States and puts forward suggestions for enabling Washington to extricate itself from its difficulties before it is too late.

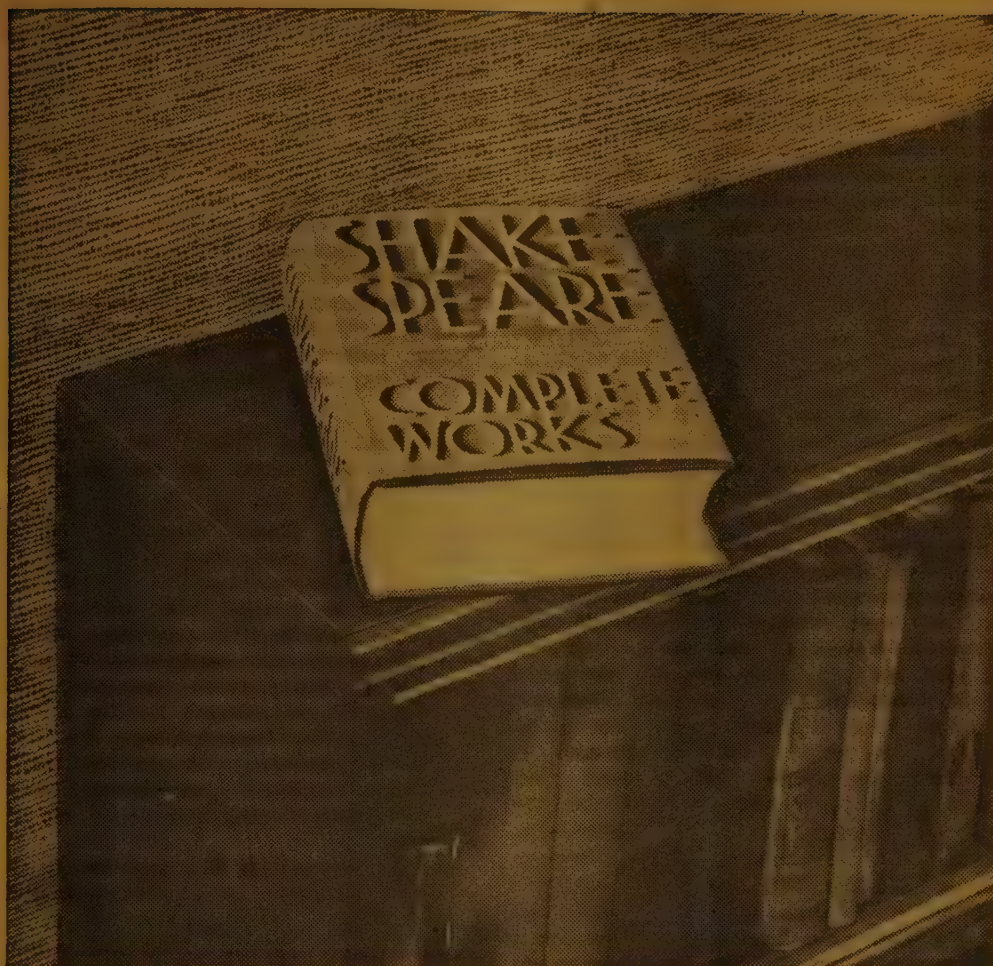
Claybook for James Joyce. By Louis Gillet. Abelard-Schuman. 16s.

'All these essays', wrote Gillet, 'appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. . . . When I think that it was forbidden by law to name therein Gide or Proust, I am amazed at having had the right to venture what I dared say of Joyce—it was like a bomb in the Holy of Holies'. An old-fashioned Sorbonnish sort of bomb, judged by latter-day-fission standards of criticism, but in its time and place, completely effective. It alerted the French public to Joyce, for the essays showed, in slow motion, the shattering impact of Joyce's technique on the mind of a respected academician. 'Blessed', wrote Gide of Joyce, 'be the one that would break the joints, put the words out of countenance and make them appear suspect'.

In his first aloof article Gillet pronounced *Ulysses* to be indigestible in its technique of total recall, its molecular style, its vast undifferentiated mush-ruminating detail. 'There are four hundred pages of it. Oh! my head! as Jules Lemaître used to say'. Six years later Gillet interviewed Joyce about *Work in Progress*. 'Joyce received me with exquisite courtesy and a somewhat ceremonious dignity. He made no allusion to my unfortunate article. That is Anglo-Saxon politeness, a rule of the game; an author ignores criticism. . . . In my whole life I received but one note of thanks from an English writer: Conrad, who was Polish. . . . Joyce was willing to explain to me the scheme of his book. He spoke in a most simple tone, without any sort of pretension. He gave me the clue to his work. . . . Our conversation, which was nothing more than a monologue lasted for almost an hour. "Am I mad?" he said at the end'. Joyce, in fact, had taken occasion to explain the washerwomen episode in *Finnegans Wake*. "These twenty-five pages", the author told me, "have cost me sixteen-hundred hours of my life." And he added, as for himself: "Perhaps it is folly. One will be able to judge in a century."

For Gillet it was a momentous meeting. He became the close friend and declared champion

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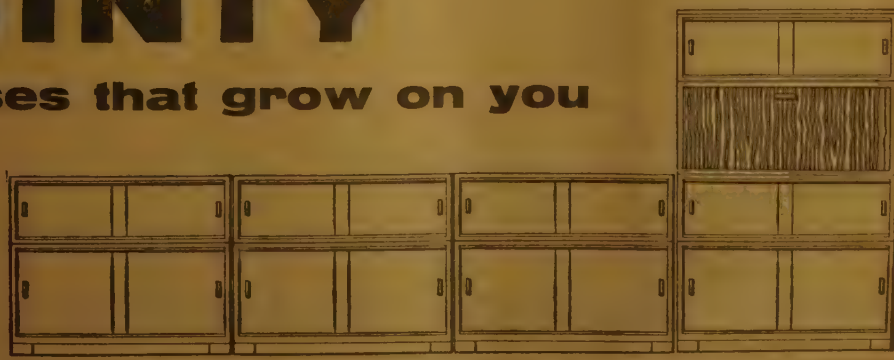
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of this 'prodigious verbal genius'. He acted as confidant to Joyce, and no adequate understanding of the mature artist, desolated by his daughter's insanity, is possible without Gillet's report. 'I believed Joyce liked me because I had children and he could speak to me about his own. . . . Who could have recognised in the anxious father, tormented by pity for the distress of a daughter, the famous banterer, the cynic and satirical author of *Ulysses*? . . . Sometimes I fancied hearing the complaint of King Lear carrying Cordelia in his arms. Few artists except Shakespeare and Balzac knew how to depict the Passion of the Father. Joyce did not write his passion, he lived it'. 'Last year nothing could be done', writes Joyce to Gillet. 'When one lives in such anxiety and such distress . . . it's easy to say: shut yourself up and work. But when your art and your life are but one, when they are interwoven in the same fabric, as in my case, there you are . . .'. 'When I cannot sing I cannot write', said Joyce.

In the light of intensive later criticism Gillet's essays may well seem slight, and there are some embarrassingly wishful statements in them. 'The day when Joyce embarked in Dublin', he says, 'they were burning his first book. . . . Bearing off from the harbour, he could see the smoke of the bonfire float over the city'. *Dubliners* was not burned: it was pulped. Yet, in its loyalty to the artist and his complex work, in its affectionate understanding of the man, *Claybook for James Joyce* is invaluable. 'We shall really understand Joyce's thought', concludes Gillet, 'only on the day when we can have it in its first state, before all the retouches with which he complicated it—after the fashion of Mallarmé who, being congratulated for a clear speech, answered, "Yes, I will have to add a few shadows"'. For *when all is zed and done*, the saying has to begin again. . . .

The Unquiet Germans. By Charles Thayer. Michael Joseph. 21s.

This is a disturbing book. It ends with a disturbing question: Does freedom in Germany today command a higher price than it did in 1933? There are still lunatics at large in the new Germany that Dr. Adenauer is seeking to create in his own image. Mr. Thayer, who served as American vice-Consul in Berlin and Hamburg before the war, and who came back as a senior American Government official after the fighting ended, devotes a special chapter to them. The Irreconcilables is his name for them. They are harmless enough so long as Germany is prosperous and relatively unarmed. Can they be held in check when the weather changes?

Mr. Thayer does less than justice, in the view of the present reviewer, to British policy towards Germany during the crazy dismantling period. Dismantling, after all, was better than 'pastoralisation' for which an American was originally responsible. And it is not true to say that Britain and America, in a 'moment of short-sightedness' secretly agreed to support French claims to the Saar. Support was given openly and after full reflection at the four-power Conference held in Moscow in 1947. In return, the French aligned themselves with British and American policy towards the Soviet Union.

The author has had the good fortune to be connected with some of the most interesting of post-war events. He observes that when the Germans came to surrender at Rheims in May

1945, General Eisenhower's staff had lost the text of the agreed Instrument of Surrender, and composed their own. He recalls how the Germans panicked during the Korean war, and how supplies of cyanide ran out in Bonn in consequence. 'There's not a gramme of cyanide to be bought' a member of Parliament told me in high alarm. 'My colleagues have cleaned out the market to be prepared to take their lives when the Communists come'.

Mr. Thayer's light touch—especially in the opening chapters—may deceive some readers into supposing that his book is largely entertainment. It is entertaining. But it is much more than that. It is, in fact, a careful political analysis of the German problem. The words themselves stir dormant fears and old forebodings.

The First Ten Years: a diplomatic history of Israel. By Walter Eytan. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

The history of Israel's international relations during the first ten years is largely a story of frustration. The new state had to fight for its existence at the moment of its birth, and the unrelenting hostility of its Arab neighbours has been the most pressing problem of its foreign policy. The tragedy is that no progress could be made towards a solution. As the Director General of Israel's Foreign Ministry Mr. Walter Eytan has all the facts at his command, and his lucid account of events in the Middle East, seen from the Israeli angle, is as useful as it is readable.

It is inevitable that he should write to a brief and, where the policy of his country has been the object of adverse criticism, that he should appear as counsel for the defence. A test case is the problem of the Arab refugees which has troubled the conscience of the world, and which has been exploited to the full by Arab propaganda. Mr. Eytan challenges the Arab account which alleges ruthless expulsion of peaceful citizens through intimidation and massacre, and propounds the Israeli version which puts the responsibility for the exodus on the Arab states. In a recent report of an American study mission he finds support for the view that the problem, whatever its origin, is capable of effective and realistic solution through resettlement of the refugees in Arab lands with compensation for property left in Israel: he charges the Arab states with cynical disregard of the interests of the refugees from opportunist motives.

Of the Sinai campaign Mr. Eytan writes that Israel, 'provoked beyond endurance by Arab threats and incessant guerrilla raiding, had struck back against Egypt by a swift military blow which she saw, in all truth, as a necessity of self-defence'. It was the military intervention of Great Britain and France, and not the campaign as such, which created a situation under which there was widespread fear of a third world war. It will be noted that there is no reference made in this context to the allegation of 'collusion' between Israel and the two Western Powers.

Throughout his narrative, Mr. Eytan is acutely conscious of the fact that the problems of Israel and the Arab states are inextricably involved in the power conflict between East and West which has led the United States and the Soviet Union to compete for influence in the Middle East and to seek allies in the Moslem and Arab world. In these circumstances the

people of the Middle East are not really free to fight out their quarrels or to settle the terms of their coexistence. The military potential of the Arab states has been strengthened while Israel finds herself isolated.

A useful chapter analyses the relation of Israel to the Jews of the diaspora, especially the large Jewish community in the United States of America: here the point is made that the attachment of Jews outside Israel to the 'national home', based as it is on a joint spiritual and cultural heritage, carries no political connotation. 'The State of Israel, in Mr. Ben-Gurion's words, represents and speaks only on behalf of its own citizens and in no way represents or speaks on behalf of Jews in any other country'.

The book deserves to be widely read not merely as a persuasive plea on behalf of a country struggling for survival but, at the same time, as a notable addition to diplomatic history.

Every Man a Phoenix

By Margaret Bottrall Murray. 18s.

The title is taken from John Donne:

For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a Phoenix, and that there can bee
None of that kind, of which he is, but hee.

This eager recognition of the uniqueness of each human personality prompted in the seventeenth century a spate of 'lives', memoirs and character studies, and quickened 'the autobiographical impulse' which is the theme of this perceptive book. We may not all agree with Mrs. Bottrall that the accounts of their travails left by some of the Elizabethan seminary priests are 'lacking in human and personal detail', but, certainly, it was not until the Stuart era that 'the autobiography manifested itself as a vigorous growth in England'. The social and political tensions, the religious squabbles and the intellectual enterprise of the age favoured self-expression and sometimes produced genuine self-criticism.

Mrs. Bottrall, it is clear, is most in sympathy with the introspective sort of autobiographer—represented here by Sir Thomas Browne and John Bunyan—whose writings expose the struggles of a human spirit to gain an understanding of itself. But she appreciates that self-conscious soul-searchings and attempts to grasp at what Sir John Davies in his remarkable poem '*Nosce Teipsum*' calls 'the subtil motions . . . of that clocke within our breasts we beare', are not of themselves more illuminating in the evaluation of human experience than apparently plain, unvarnished 'chronicles' such as *The Life of the Lady Halkett*. Thus she is very acute in discussing the *Reliquae Baxterianae*, that rare combination of introspection and vigorous external comment. Another chapter tears into the curious, 'romancy' *Autobiography* of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and goes a long way in penetrating the 'disguise' of that incoherent man and from an unusual angle sheds light on the standards of his age.

This is, in short, a valuable contribution towards the understanding of a creative century, all the more effective for being written with grace, and with the same 'high regard for factual accuracy and shrewd eye for detail' that Mrs. Bottrall finds in *The Life* of Adam Martindale.

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(Dept. Y18)

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Getting Them Talking

IN AN UNCERTAIN WORLD there is something very reassuring about coming back to television after even a brief interval. Nothing seems to have changed: last Monday week Mr. Mayhew was still looking alert and keen behind a sort of high desk. In the last of his 'Class' programmes, he elicited some sensible remarks about grammar schools from Sir Eric James, but it all seemed to worry Mr. Mayhew and he must be glad it's over. It occurred to me—during a quiet week before the autumn rush—that one answer to the class problem would be to abolish all existing distinctions and have only two: the interviewers and the interviewed. At first sight the two channels might present a complication, but that could be got over. When the Archbishop of Canterbury was interviewed on B.B.C. television before the Lambeth Conference, and then, a few days later, was interviewed again on I.T.V., I realised that in the brave new world we must have *two* Archbishops of Canterbury,



Sir Malcolm Sargent 'Speaking Personally' on September 16

two Prime Ministers, etc. When it came to voting, this distinction might have at least as much validity as the present system.

The startling thing about 'Speaking Personally', of course, is that in this series there is neither interviewer nor interviewed; just one man speaking direct to us. Last week, unfortunately as far as I was concerned, this man happened to be Sir Malcolm Sargent. His prejudices and his bland manner never appealed to me in the old sound-radio Brains Trust days, and he has seen no reason to modify them for television. He rattles off his rather shallow ideas at top speed, as though he had them worked out thirty years ago and never paused to think about them since: for example, he is still referring to Holst's 'Planets' suite as a little-known work; no doubt it was when he first conducted it, but surely not now. He gave us an amusing if elementary

discourse on rhythm, and then having spoken of the jungle origins of jazz found it necessary to assure us that one of his best friends is coloured. This part of his talk was enlivened by some dance steps executed by Sir Malcolm with such polish that one felt he could take over from Victor Silvester any day he felt like it. After that, there was the unfailing dig at 'modern' music (no names mentioned) and the usual remark about the power of good music over the young, a power Sir Malcolm appears to measure by the number of autographs he is asked to sign.

Charm is elusive and undefinable. For some, Sir Malcolm undoubtedly has it. Others may prefer the nervous modesty and spontaneous smile of Peter May, who by diplomacy and knowledge (he cor-

rected one of his Fleet Street questioners as to the date of Jardine's 'body-line' tour) made the best of a rather trivial interview in last week's 'Sportsview'. Doubtless its brevity was a relief to Mr. May, but after the elaborate preliminary build-up—'we shall give you the man behind the sportsman', etc.—viewers must have been expecting rather more than the date and place of Mr. May's forthcoming marriage. It seems to me that television presumes greatly on the patience and good humour of such distinguished men when it invites them to spend their time on chit-chat.

In 'Press Conference' (September 17) Sir Ronald Howe, former head of the C.I.D., was 'grilled' in a subdued, respectful way about the police. Do interviewers really expect senior officials, when asked those leading questions, to



Peter May, captain of the England and Surrey cricket team, interviewed in 'Sportsview' on September 17

reply 'Yes, corruption is widespread, miscarriages of justice are frequent', etc.? But though he stonewalled when necessary, Sir Ronald came out in favour of a reform in the betting laws, and made some trenchant remarks about persistent murderers ('those chaps are better out of the way') and psychiatrists ('they're as mad as their clients'). On house-breaking, the worst crime-problem in London, he favoured heavier sentences 'if we really want to stop it'. Altogether a solid performance; of the interviewers, John Freeman showed that it is possible to be intelligent without being aggressive.

Whatever the correlation between divorce and delinquency, there can be no doubt that a broken home can badly affect a child; though so, too, can an unbroken but unhappy one. In 'Life-line' (September 18) a boy who had been brought up by his mother tried to tell a doctor about the feeling of emptiness which led him to play truant: 'like not having anything to eat for about a year'. The danger of programmes like this is that they tend to make general capital out of particular problems which may not be typical and to which other causes, not investigated, may have contributed; but no one could have quarrelled with the consultant psychiatrist's wise and humane summing-up.

Regular viewers of 'Tonight' will not need telling that Alan Whicker is currently doing a first-rate reporting job in the Far East. From time to time he has enlightened us with a walk down Singapore's Exchange Alley (he triumphantly claimed to be the only man to have negotiated that hundred yards of oriental salesmanship without buying anything); a tour of Hong Kong's appalling shanty towns; and, last week, an intriguing glimpse of gold-smuggling Macao, which seemed like something out of an Orson Welles thriller.

K. W. GRANSDEN



'Sceptre's Challenge, the story of the America's Cup,' on September 19: the schooner America, winner of the first race in 1851

DRAMA

Sadly Flows the Don

IT IS DIFFICULT to see why 'The Noble Spaniard' should have been selected from the numerous plays of Somerset Maugham for a second showing within five years (September 21). It was announced as adapted for television by Denis Constanduros. Nothing was said of it being 'from the French', which is the description of it in the books of reference. It surely must be an alien, for Mr. Maugham, who had written excellent plays of his own before this, could hardly have been the originator of so feeble a jest.

It was the kind of thing that audiences in London as well as Paris may have taken as normal drollery at the beginning of the century, being a farcical comedy about a Spanish Don Juan at large in Victorian Boulogne; he solicits the affections of a young and beautiful English widow and then finds that he is supposed to be pursuing the formidable consort of an English judge. This leads on to all sorts of personal muddles and the inevitable fencing bout, with Spain flashing its blade. Mistaken identity is a form of fun which was once sufficient to set thousands on a roar and presumably Mr. Maugham took over the story as something still likely to please. But now such blunders seem mechanical contrivance and have mirthless results. Better forget the Spaniard than revive him. After all, we do not often have recourse to Shakespeare's 'Comedy of Errors', which, in any case, is a much livelier piece of nonsense.

The amorous Duke of Hermanos, continually proclaiming his grandiose title, and conducting his attempted conquest with the flourishes deemed proper to a comic grandee, is a bore beyond redemption. Robert Eddison's application to the role of this Don was an industrious, but inevitably ineffectual, essay in salvage. Margaret Rutherford, as the judge's lady, went faithfully in search of what humours the part might contain: if they were undiscoverable, it was scarcely her fault. Maxine Audley, as the winsome widow, was suitably and supremely enchanting to the eye, which was a pleasant change at a time when parts whose beauty is asserted are so often allotted to young ladies whose talents are far better than their looks. Owen Holder and Kenneth Williams strove bravely like swimmers struggling to reach the haven of hilarity—and not getting there.

The 'Television Playwright' of the week (September 16) was John Secondari, who is, I expect, a better playwright than the production of 'The Commentator' allowed him to seem. He had an urgent American subject in the troubles incurred by commercial television when the attempt is made to mix outspoken political features with the selling of goods in sponsored programmes. Lynton, vividly drawn by Cec Linder, was a prominent political commentator with a large contract and a sharp tongue. He spoke his mind so freely and ferociously about an influential senator that his sponsor was infuriated by the prospective loss of customers. Was not this the best way to make enemies and lose influence? Lynton must climb down.

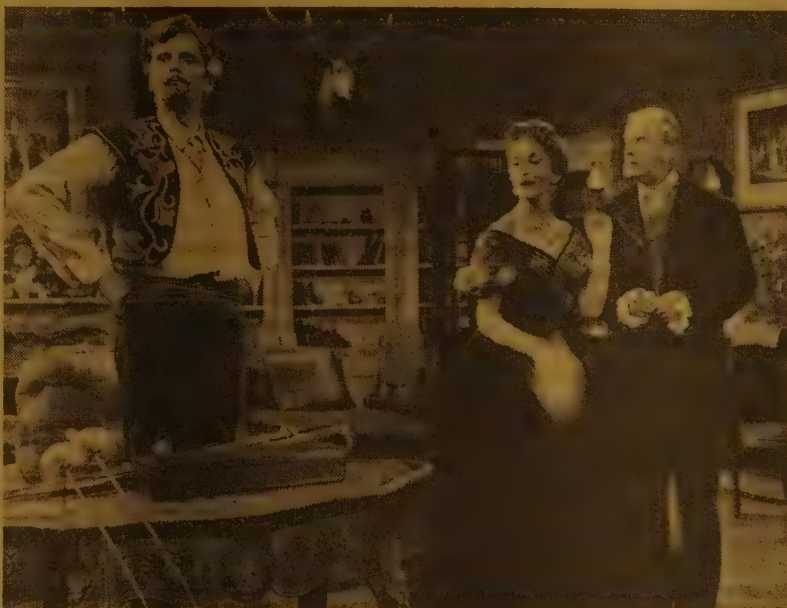
So far, so lively. But, after that, confusion took over. There was so much changing of mind that the story became chaotic. I could only guess

that Mr. Secondari had written a full-length play which had to be cut to the hour's length usual in this series and that the cutting had removed much that was necessary to make the play explicit. If Mr. Secondari did, in fact, write the piece in the form in which it was presented he has much to learn about his craft. If he suffered from severe cutting, he was out of luck: and so were viewers who may have been as baffled as I was by the tangle of motives and decisions in the last half-hour.

Extracts from plays are not always satisfactory, but I hope that the slice of Tabori's 'Brouhaha' (September 18) will encourage potential play-goers to take the full meal at the Aldwych Theatre. It is a helter-skelter piece composed in the comic-strip style and bearing little relation to the formal three-act



John Loder (left) as Tom Saunders and Cec Linder as Jeffrey Lynton in 'The Commentator' on September 16



Scene from 'The Noble Spaniard' on September 21: (left to right) Robert Eddison as the Duke of Hermanos, Maxine Audley as Marion Nairne, and Stringer Davis as Mr. Justice Proudfoot

composition. Lovers of the Goon Shows should have been well satisfied by the excerpt. Peter Sellers, as the Sultan of a bankrupt Middle Eastern kingdom, was at his volatile and mischievous best. The story has a basis of political realism, since the Sultan learns that the sure way for a small state to screw money out of the big ones is to be as troublesome as possible; keep quiet and you are forgotten; start a revolution, let the Russians know, and the capitalists will rush to your aid with subsidies.

The political point gets lost in a farcical scramble, but the myriads of Goon-addicts will probably prefer the scramble to the satire. At any rate the television Goon-fanciers now know what to expect and there may be correspondingly good results in the Sellers market.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Storm Passes

IF RADIO is a fair barometer, Ostrovsky's 'The Storm' has weathered none too well. I understand that the play, like many of his comedies, is still performed in the Soviet Union and I conclude from last week's radio rendering that Ostrovsky holds his place in the Russian theatre on the grounds of historical interest. He was one of the founders of the Russian theatre; 'The

Storm', with its thunderstorm underlining the conflict of conscience in the mind of an unfaithful young wife, is an early study in symbolism. Ostrovsky not only suggests Ibsen; his slow style in characterisation obviously influenced the makers of the early Russian films.

But historical significance does not make a play live. Like Ibsen, who will also be needing footnotes in a hundred years' time, Ostrovsky wrote for an audience involved in a specific social situation. This audience was an emergent bourgeoisie which sought the theatre as a source of polite entertainment and as a forum for the debate of its special problems. If Ostrovsky had not been such a good student of his audience's needs, plays like 'The Storm', which is a very capable piece of writing, would not seem quite so dated. The play takes for granted certain mores which are not always held in high esteem today, and the dilemma facing the young wife Katerina therefore seems unreal. She falls in love

with Boris Grigorievich, a young man from the same narrow social circle in a small town on the Volga. Her husband Tihon Kabanov is a weak creature dominated by his mother, who is a tragic version of the domineering matriarchs familiar to those who are acquainted with Ostrovsky's comedies. Katerina is egged on in her love-making by Varvara who represents reforming forces which are trying to destroy the feudal morality that traps the new middle class. Varvara is successful but a fear of thunder awakens Katerina's sense of guilt.

In spite of Boris' desirability and in spite of Tihon's weakness and Kabanova's tyranny, which both seem to justify her bid for freedom in love, she takes her life rather than her love. In Britain today—and even, I imagine, in the Soviet Union—the suicide of a young wife faced with such a dilemma is highly improbable. Even if one holds strict views on the sanctity of marriage the death which Kabanova demands seems altogether intolerable.

There is, of course, another way of looking at the play which ascribes depths to it that Ostrovsky was probably not aware of. It could be said that Kabanova seeks the death of Katerina in order to regain complete control over the life of her son. Katerina presents in slow motion the anguish of a woman in the process of becoming unfaithful and as such she attains classic stature. Miss Joan Plowright made her very real

and Miss Gladys Young made the unacceptable Kabanova credible. Mr. Will Leighton's Kabanov, which is a very difficult part, did not seem to live in the same way.

While 'The Storm' aged before my ears, Mr. Patric Dickinson's 'Three-Bob Bit' shone like a new penny. It was burnished for radio by Mr. Raymond Raikes and I make no apology for leaving a credit to Plautus until last. Mr. Dickinson's translation of the 'Trinummus' was so very much in our present idiom that there were moments when I felt that I was listening to an entirely new script. The play may be more than 2,000 years old and the plot even older; but whatever time had done to it was made good by the new mortar with which Mr. Dickinson had pointed it. It was also made into some very good radio by the adaptation of the prologue spoken by Luxury and her daughter Poverty.

The Irish accents of Miss Mary O'Farrell and Miss Eva Huszar helped to span the distance in time and space and introduced the action in a tangential manner which is nearly always a success on the radio.

In a cast that seemed to be enjoying itself very much I noticed Mr. John Laurie's Philto and Mr. Gabriel Woolf's Lesbonicus. Mr. Geoffrey Matthews' truculent Stasimus had a splendid Brummagem accent, and it was very pleasant to hear a slave who did not sport the eternal cockney accent. Mr. Raikes and Mr. Dickinson ought to be very pleased with themselves and I hope that they will co-operate in the resurrection of some more comedies from the ancient world.

The only really new work last week was a radio play called 'Don't Panic, Chaps', which was odd but promising. It was promising because the co-authors, Mr. Michael Corston and Mr. Ronald Holroyd, have an ear for comic dialogue and situation and because they are both newcomers. It was odd because it dealt with an imaginary incident in the recent war as a subject fit for farce. Some British chaps and some equally jolly German chaps are sharing an island in the Mediterranean. When they are faced with visits by British and German inspecting officers on the same day they co-operate to maintain their state of peaceful coexistence.

Some of the situations were very funny but they were made horrible by the realisation that the young authors had no real understanding of the meaning of the last war. If they intended a fantasy or a satirical comment on the futility of war, I hope they listened to Mr. Schehadé's 'Vasco' which shows them the way to their target. If they want to write comedy I trust they will refrain from writing a farce about jolly Russians and jolly Americans sharing a jolly atom bomb on an island in the Pacific.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Faraway Countries

'INCREDIBLE IT IS that we should be digging trenches here and trying on gas masks because of a faraway country and a quarrel between people of which we know nothing!' The recorded voice of Neville Chamberlain coming across the air on Wednesday evening in 'A Faraway Country', a programme on the Home Service built up from official records and the recollections of Czechs who had shared the agony of their country in September 1938, was like a voice from a bad dream. But like a delirium were the ravings of Hitler in Nuremberg and Berlin. Against these voices what chance had the quiet and dignified words of President Benes, the last great Liberal President in Europe, urging his countrymen 'to do nothing of which our friends

abroad would not approve'? But knowing that their cause was just, it did not occur to him that their friends abroad would force the most advanced democratic republic in eastern Europe to surrender itself before the megalomania of fascist Germany.

The story is a shameful one and it made painful listening on Wednesday. All through the programme I had the uncomfortable feeling, too, that there was far more in the official records than we were allowed to hear. Indeed, the climax of the whole thing was left out: I mean, Chamberlain's return from his last meeting with Hitler, when the Czechs had been finally persuaded to surrender, fatuously waving a worthless scrap of paper at the airport and crying 'This means peace in our time!' Nevertheless the programme as a whole demonstrated to me that there is no sort of parallel between Czechoslovakia in 1938 and Quemoy in 1958, as some people seem to believe.

There is, however, nothing like hardship and danger shared for bringing people together. Thus, during Sir John Hunt's and Alan Blackshaw's climbing expedition in the Caucasus this year, which we heard about in the Home Service on Thursday, the English and Russian climbers got on together splendidly. As they sat marooned for four days in an icehouse 14,000 feet up, playing chess and reading poetry to each other, the Englishmen thought that if only a summit conference could be carried on under such conditions the world's problems would soon be settled!

But then people of different nationalities can usually get on together when their relations are not bedevilled by the politicians. After all, individual Englishmen and Germans got on pretty well together before the last war. But then sporting and cultural contact are outside politics, until some 'incident' occurs, when the mutual slanging match of which we are all so desperately tired begins again.

This was the first British climbing expedition to the Caucasus for over twenty years, and it says much for the easing of tension between our two countries that it should have taken place at all. Both Sir John Hunt and Alan Blackshaw spoke with studied casualness of their remarkable exploits, as though they had been describing no more than a boating holiday on the Thames—as is the British way—and Sir John concluded by hoping that other British climbers would follow their example, 'so that we can all get to know each other', which, he confessed, was really the main reason for the expedition.

China and her offshore islands are even further away from us than Czechoslovakia, but those who control our destinies sometimes seem to be even less informed about them than Chamberlain was about the Czechs twenty years ago. Today, however, distance has been virtually abolished by high-speed flight, rockets and inter-continental ballistic missiles. Nevertheless Thomas A. Findlater, the American Democrat, in a trans-Atlantic interview on Friday in 'At Home and Abroad', appeared to me as if he were serenely unaware that though, for America, Quemoy and the islands may be mainly a matter of prestige and an opportunity for trying out their new atomic artillery, for her allies in the West, with Russian rocket bases in East Germany, it is literally a matter of survival.

On the lighter side—for we must keep smiling—the Third Programme revived on Thursday Henry Reed's 'The Primal Scene as it were', one of the Hilda Tablet series, with its incomparable collection of dreadful people on a Mediterranean cruise. 'Love, Art, Scholarship, the Classical Heritage', as the biographer Herbert Reeve announced in one of his wonderful clichés, was all there.

PHILIP HENDERSON

MUSIC

Ring of Words and of Music

THE PORTRAIT-STUDIES or 'appreciations' of great men compiled by the composite effort of their friends and admirers are too often superficial and tend to reveal more about the speakers than about their subjects. It says much for Vaughan Williams himself that the hour devoted to a summing-up of his personality and accomplishments achieved a rare integrity and, if it did not tell us all there is to be said, still it gave a good account of his wide-ranging interests and of his stature as a composer. The human touch was not lacking nor the revealing anecdote. One fancies that 'V.W.' delighted to play the part of uncouth bruin to the discomfiture of gushing admiration, as when he growled at one who dared to say what a fine work he thought the Fourth Symphony, 'I never want to hear it again!'

Of his kindness, his generosity of heart and the infinite trouble he would take to help any fellow artist in trouble or to further any genuine effort to make music, however humble and amateurish, there is a host of witnesses, some of whom testified in this programme. These are ephemeral virtues, alas! that will pass into oblivion with the beneficiaries. But the goodness of which they are the signs also informs the music, and that abides. Indeed, when the music used to illustrate the speakers' points was being played, one felt it was telling us so much more about the man than anyone outside him, however close a friend, could, that one longed for it not to stop but to continue to the end of whatever work it was, and tell us all.

Still, the contributors, great and humble, headed by Sir Arthur Bliss, whose introduction was a model of its kind, did build up a fine portrait and, with one exception, sank their own personalities in the common effort to do justice to their subject.

One aspect of 'V.W.'s art was hardly touched on—his contribution to the music of the Church, which was clearly not the perfunctory response to commissions but the work of a profoundly religious man who carried Bunyan and the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century near his heart. Englishmen are shy of discussing religion, which may account for this omission. But it was so important a factor in Vaughan Williams' art that it cannot be passed by with respectfully lowered eyes. I know nothing of his private beliefs, nor are they the subject for public scrutiny. He was probably as averse from the outward formalities of the Church as he was from the pomps and ceremonies of State. He was the true Protestant, carrying in his pocket the rebel visionaries, Blake and Whitman, along with his Bible and his Bunyan.

It was doubly appropriate then, that as a great English musician and a great witness to the Christian faith, Ralph Vaughan Williams should have been buried in Westminster Abbey close to his old master, Stanford, and in the company of Handel and Purcell and of the poets he loved and honoured with his music. The service and the musical commemoration that preceded it were made available to the many thousands of his admirers who could not join the many hundreds in the Abbey. The music, partly of his own choosing, well represented his tastes and his achievement. The 'Variants on Dives and Lazarus' told of his love of English folk-song and sounded particularly beautiful in the great church. Bach's double concerto in D minor was his special choice and stood, with the 'St. Anne' Fugue, for the composer he considered the greatest of all. And there were movements from 'Job', his translation into music of Blake's vision of the heavens opening and of the peace that passes all understanding. These were beau-



You and your Hovis

IF YOU LIKE to eat well, the bread you prefer is probably Hovis, because you have discovered it has far more flavour and goodness than ordinary brown. But why has it?

TALE OF THREE It is really a matter of the flour, for flours differ considerably in their ingredients, and the quantities of them. There are virtually just three ingredients that can be juggled with—the three parts in the grain of wheat, from which flour is made.

WHAT'S IN A GRAIN One part is the bran (or outer husk) which may or may not suit you, the second is the starchy body of the grain (the kernel), and number three is the tiny wheatgerm, the heart of the grain, which is full of goodness out of all proportion to its size. From those ingredients, how are the recipes for different flours made up?

BREAD SECRETS To produce white loaves, all the starchy kernel is included, but none of the doubtful bran and none of the good wheatgerm. There are various recipes for brown bread flours, but usually only a part of the wheatgerm is used, and some of the bran, while wholemeal bread is made from the whole wheat grain, just as it is.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER When it comes to Hovis, the recipe shows one vital difference. Eight times *more* of the good wheatgerm—the heart of the wheat—goes into Hovis. But the bran is discarded and goes to feed animals, so that you get all the body of the grain (the kernel) plus eight times more of the wheatgerm.

It is the extra wheatgerm that gives you the extra flavour and goodness in your Hovis. So now you know . . .

DON'T JUST SAY 'BROWN'—SAY

Hovis
THAT'S BETTER!

tifully played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Adrian Boult, the doyen of 'V.W.'s' interpreters.

In the service itself the old masters of church music, among them Croft and Greene, were heard alongside Vaughan Williams himself. As the procession moved to the graveside, the congregation sang—and, containing a large percentage of professional singers and amateur

choristers, sang splendidly—his tune 'Down Ampney', which might be called the quintessential 'V.W.' melody. It crops up, in one form or another, at serious moments all through his life. And during the burial there was the brief, quiet anthem, 'O taste and see', composed for the Communion at the Queen's Coronation. Finally, when the sad notes were done, there was a triumphant blaze of sound,

as of a confident assurance of the life to come, in the setting, also made for the Coronation, of 'The Old Hundredth'—a splendid epilogue, indeed, and one that contains, none the less, its touch of characteristic humour. For one imagines 'V.W.' delightedly chuckling at the discovery that a bit of Arne's 'Rule Britannia' would 'go' with the grand old tune.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A Spanish Composer in Exile

By COLIN MASON

The first of four recitals of Roberto Gerhard's chamber music will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.0 p.m. on Saturday, October 4.

THE fate of Roberto Gerhard is a tragedy of the Spanish Civil War, for Spain as well as for him; almost as great as the murder of Lorca. Gerhard was born in 1896, three years earlier than Lorca. And in 1938, when he was forced to take up exile in this country, he was deprived of the fulfilment of his career as Spain's outstanding modern composer, almost as surely as Lorca was of his, two years earlier, by death. The tragedy, in both cases, was more than a personal one. Spain's loss in Lorca is clear enough. In Gerhard, who had not yet established himself to the same extent, she lost a talent that she could still less afford to throw away—a composer strong enough to free Spanish music at last from the tyranny of the national mannerisms that none of his modern predecessors (not even the greatest of them, Falla, who tried very hard, seemed on the point of success, and then in despair gave up composition altogether) had been able to throw off.

It was at about this time when Falla gave up his attempt that Gerhard began his. He early saw the necessity of escaping from the Spanish style, and at the age of twenty-seven, after completing seven years of composition-study with Pedrell, and having met with some early success, he decided to go abroad for a further five years' study. For this purpose he chose Schönberg, a composer as remote as possible from Spain, and opposed to any self-conscious musical nationalism, especially to the use of folk-music. Having conscientiously studied and mastered traditional techniques with Schönberg, Gerhard celebrated the end of his apprenticeship by writing a work making use of the serial technique recently formulated by his teacher. This was the *Wind Quintet* (1928), obviously influenced by the example of Schönberg's own *Wind Quintet*, composed a few years earlier. A certain stiffness of rhythm and form are the marks of the master's teaching, still not perfectly absorbed. In the melodic style, which bears no trace of Viennese expressionism, Gerhard already asserts his individuality, and possibly also, though not conspicuously, his nationality. This he asserted more strongly, in the same year, and as if in a gesture of refusal to be intimidated by his master's hostility to folk-song, by composing accompaniments for a set of fourteen Catalan folk-songs.

In terms of mature achievement these two works hardly took Gerhard beyond the point that he had reached in a similar pair of works ten years earlier, which in their different and more conservative styles were no less accomplished. One was the *Piano Trio*, in a fairly conventional French idiom, the other the song-cycle '*L'Infantament meravellos de Schahrazada*', in which there is a more German romantic note, with echoes of Brahms and Strauss. During the intervening ten years he had produced only two small experimental

works—'*Two Sketches*' for piano, very short pieces possibly influenced by Bartók's '*Bagatelles*', and '*Seven Hai Kai*', settings of poems after the Japanese, with accompaniment for piano and four wind instruments, which owe something to Stravinsky's '*Three Japanese Lyrics*'. They are attractive and interesting if not important works in Gerhard's development, and the '*Hai Kai*' are representative enough for him to have thought it worth making a revision of them for the forthcoming series of broadcasts.

The vital difference between the positions Gerhard had reached in 1928 and 1918 was that he had now found the general direction in which he was to continue, even if the path was not yet completely clear to him. A further ten years passed before it became so, or before he began to apply himself with any persistence to exploring it. Here we have to face the fact that although exile shattered Gerhard's career, the upheaval was apparently the agent, and perhaps the necessary one, that restored his full creative energy and resolution as a composer. Between 1928 and 1940 his production was still sparse. Then between 1941 and 1943, after settling in England, he produced a flood of important works.

The only work from this mainly orchestral period included in the present series of programmes, which are confined to instrumental music and songs, is the '*Cancionero de Pedrell*' (1941), which is representative at least in its national emphasis, strong in all these works. The '*Cancionero*', which consists of arrangements of folk-songs collected by Pedrell, admirably shows the inventiveness that Gerhard brings to the simplest creative task, and his avoidance of any of the commonplaces of the Spanish national idiom. The interest and beauty of these accompaniments are equal to those of Bartók's and Britten's finest folk-song settings.

The next 'period' in Gerhard's career consists of a single work, the opera '*The Duenna*', which broke new ground and anticipated, with equal wit, skill, and musical success, Stravinsky's neo-classical solution of the problem of a modern comic opera in '*The Rake's Progress*'. Although an important part of Gerhard's output, this appears in retrospect as a digression from his main line of development, to which he returned in the *Piano Concerto* (1951) and the *Symphony* (1952-53), by way of the '*Capriccio*' for solo flute (1949), the '*Three Impromptus*' for piano (1950) and the *Viola Sonata* (1950). In the '*Capriccio*', which he was asked to write to fill a gap in a concert, Gerhard took the opportunity to solve the problem of writing for an unaccompanied melodic instrument in strict serial technique. In the *Viola Sonata* there are still traces of the neo-classical style of the opera, most conspicuously in the gay and lively last movement, which hovers fairly closely round B major and E minor. For this series of programmes the com-

poser has considerably revised the work and recast it as a *Cello Sonata*.

Since the *Symphony*, Gerhard has written a *String Quartet* (1955), *Harpsichord Concerto* (1956), *Nonet for wind instruments* (1956), a *Fantasia for solo guitar* and a *Chaconne for unaccompanied violin* (both 1958), and a group of songs with guitar. In all the major works since 1950 he has used serial technique, and in the more recent ones he has begun to extend the serial principle to the rhythmic or metrical, and to some extent even to the formal, organisation of his music. He has tried to break away from familiar concepts, and to achieve intelligible form without the symmetry of even the vestigial reprise.

The musical and emotional character of these works can be summed up as 'classical'. They combine great density and weight of content with a lively manner and plentiful wit and humour on the highest musical level. A superficial example is the unexpected and ingenious completion of the wind ensemble of the *Nonet* with a piano-accordion. This is probably the most directly appealing of them, fascinating in instrumental sound, sharp, clear and simple in style, and serious without oppressive emotional intensity—like Haydn in twentieth-century terms.

The *String Quartet* also poses few problems. In the first two movements there are fairly plain traces of recapitulation, and in the third movement there is a tiny three-note figure which recurs three times like a shadow of a ritornello, and gives an appearance of familiar shape to a movement in which more substantial thematic relationships are not easily discerned.

In these later works there is almost no conspicuous Spanish element, but they remain Spanish, as he does himself. Although he has paid us the compliment of mastering and handling our language with a virtuosity and imagination that few natives command, he has not taken British nationality. He is unlikely to return to Spain while the present régime lasts, which probably means that he will never return now. But a day will certainly come when Spain will want to reclaim his music.

A New Dictionary of Music (Penguin, 5s.) has been compiled by Arthur Jacobs for, in his own words, 'the inquiring music-lover, whether as listener or as performer'. This handy volume should prove a valuable addition to the half-dozen Penguin reference books already published.

* * *

Three recent books on jazz music are *The Decca Book of Jazz*, edited by Peter Gammond (Muller, 40s.), which is a survey of jazz by twenty-five leading authorities, and has a foreword by Mezz Mezzrow; *A Handbook of Jazz*, by Barry Ulanov, introduction by Kingsley Amis (Hutchinson, 15s.); and *Duke Ellington: His Life and Music*, edited by Peter Gammond (Phoenix House, 25s.).

Bridge on the Air—I

Why the Experts Make Mistakes

By HAROLD FRANKLIN

Contract bridge was introduced in Network Three on April 1, 1958, and continued in twenty-six consecutive weekly programmes until September 23. It attracted large listening audiences. Harold Franklin (who with Terence Reese organised these programmes) is an international bridge player, a popular tournament director, and the bridge correspondent of 'The Yorkshire Post'.

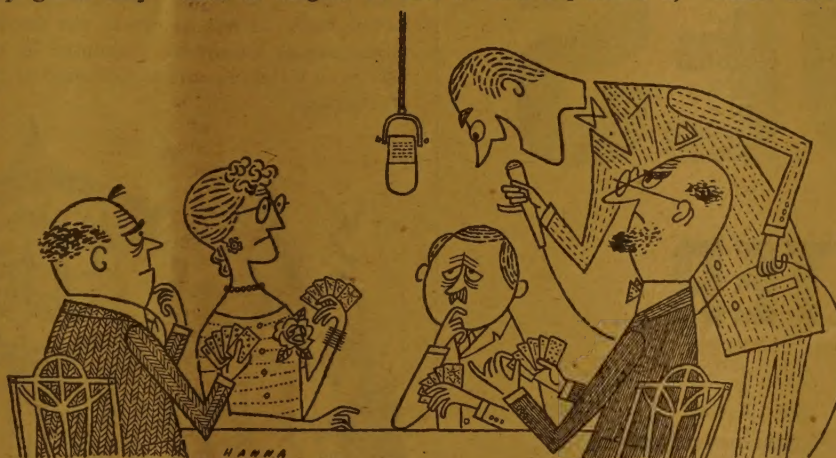
CONTRACT bridge is one of the few games or sports at which the average performer is prepared to offer advice and instruction to the acknowledged expert. The twenty-four handicap golfer may relish the occasional loose shot of the playing professional but would not consider himself as competent to offer advice on method. The amateur billiards player might rejoice to see the professional fail in a shot which he himself was capable of executing but would not feel qualified to correct the cueing action. The bridge rank-and-filer has no such inhibitions: the loftiest and most experienced of experts are the frequent and unappreciative recipients of advice and instruction from the least distinguished of exponents. Bridge on the air laid the experts more than usually open to 'helpful criticism' because their performance so often fell below the standard that might have been expected of them. That this should be so was not mere chance. Bridge in the studio presents a number of special difficulties which do not exist in other forms of the game.

The expert scores most heavily because the soundness of his technique sees him through ordinary hands with a minimum of effort and of error, and most hands in play are ordinary hands. In this respect the bridge hands broadcast are not quite true to life. Just as the golf spectator finds it of more interest to watch the professional recover from deep rough than to see him continuously bisecting the fairway, so, it is judged, does the bridge listener prefer to hear the expert coping with the more difficult and unusual situations than to admire the efficiency with which he disposes of run-of-the-mill hands.

There have, as a consequence, been few hands which have not been unusually difficult—and the players have had the besetting problem that they expected them to be so. The average rate of play of the expert is about eight minutes per hand: most hands take him less, but the occasional difficult one may occupy his attention for as long as twenty minutes. Because of the difficulties, real and imagined, his every inclination is to be particularly careful with the broadcast hand, but the clock is his taskmaster and it permits him rather less than ten minutes to complete the bidding and play of a hand on which he might have welcomed twice that length of time.

The listener would find it difficult to sustain his interest through long silences, and the players' pauses are therefore filled in with comments and reviews of the bidding and play. That may make for more effective presentation but it adds to the problems of the expert. Concentration is possibly the most important single factor in bridge playing, and a commentary, however restrained, must impede it to some extent.

This point was well illustrated in three broadcasts of August 19 and 26 and September 2,



when a changed procedure encouraged the players to take their time, without interruption. These programmes presented bidding matches in which the two halves of each partnership were in different studios and not in touch with each other. They were asked to think aloud, to give their reactions to their own hands and to their partners' bids, to talk of the various and alternative courses as they considered them, before making their final decision. The standard of the competitors was no higher than in the Inter-City Bidding Contest which was presented in six programmes in April and May; the standard of the performance was immeasurably so.

Two conclusions may be fairly drawn from that: the first, the point already made, that hurry and interruption are two considerable problems for the bridge player 'on the air' and that both make it difficult for him to play up to his best form; the other is that the game of the less analytical and therefore less expert player can be considerably improved by the process of 'thinking aloud'.

I hold the view strongly that the average player who seeks to improve his game could more profitably apply himself to acquiring the habit of conscious planning than to the study of text books. To improve the play of the dummy, for example, it is a good exercise to put out test hands and formulate a plan of play—aloud. It does not matter if two plans in five are faulty—that will improve—and once the habit of making a conscious plan is acquired a general raising of standard will surely follow. In broadcast games one expects the players to be some-

what below their normal form. The players 'thinking aloud' were, if anything, a little above it.

One of the last stages in the making of a bridge expert is the acquisition of *sang-froid*, the ability to think as clearly at the table as away from it. Many average players are excited as soon as they take the cards in their hands, and much more so when faced with a high contract or with a difficult position in play. There is a rush of blood to the head which leaves them unable to think with their normal clarity. The expert, who has arrived at his status only after mastering that problem, faces it again when a new factor is introduced—the microphone. If he faces it for the first time he is even more conscious of it than of his cards, and his concentration will suffer accordingly.

How many of your bridge-playing acquaintances are embarrassed by the presence of a single spectator, are so conscious of being overlooked that they make mistakes they might otherwise have avoided? The experts are conditioned to playing before spectators and are therefore un-

disturbed by doing so.

An unseen audience of unknown but much larger proportions than that which can gather round a bridge table is, however, something new to many of them, and a few have admitted to a consciousness of it and to concern over how their voices would sound: these may seem small things, perhaps, but to produce the best results at the bridge table one cannot afford even such distractions.

Fortunately, most bridge experts are not too jealous of their reputations to co-operate in this type of game, even at the risk of occasionally appearing somewhat foolish. The errors they make do at least offer a basis for instruction. The evidences of their fallibility are a bolster for the self-esteem of the lesser players who form their audience and, in the main, they themselves enjoy the experience of playing under conditions which are so different from those which normally obtain.

Any expert is 'fair game', and certainly some of their errors in the recent series have been unworthy ones. But contract bridge is a game of errors, and the mark of the expert is not the absence of them from his game but their infrequency. I, as a golf club 'rabbit', find some comfort when I see a low-handicap golfer have the type of misadventure which plagues my every round. His consolation and my sobering thought is that he has them much less frequently.

Next week Harold Franklin will comment on some hands that have been broadcast and set a competition for readers interested in bridge.

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DIARY OF A VOYAGER

We visit Asia's 'Enchanted Isle'

The sun was high in a brilliant sky as we sighted Ceylon, Pearl of the Orient. In the distance I could just see Adam's Peak, the sacred mountain from which it was believed Buddha ascended to heaven. Soon we passed into Colombo's splendid artificial harbour.

Not being a terminal port, Colombo has been referred to as the 'Clapham Junction of the East'. It was known to the ancient Sinhalese as Kalantota, corrupted by the Moors to Kalambo, and to Colombo by the Portuguese.



Ashore, I found the old rubbing shoulders with the new: the East with the West: the dress of Tamils, Sinhalese, Moors and Malays, mingling with smart western fashions: modern cars gliding past lumbering bullock carts.

I was fascinated by Hindu and Buddhist temples and Muslim mosques, by the colourful bazaars of the Pettah district. Hiring a car, I was charmed by scenic grandeur on my ride to Kandy where I saw the famous Buddhist Temple of the Tooth, and nearby the Lankatillaka Temple, most beautiful of all Kandyan Temples: and was thrilled by Ratnapura, city of gems from which Sheba's queen drew her jewels.

Returning aboard ship, thankful I had breathed the magic air of this beautiful island referred to even in 'Arabian Nights', I felt that no one could wish for more blissful freedom from care and worry than a sea voyage like this—or for deeper comfort and better service than voyaging P & O.

P & O

A COMMONWEALTH LIFELINE

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

BACON AND EGG PIE

LINE A PIE-PLATE or tin with good short-crust pastry. Cover the bottom with rindless, thin, bacon rashers, then with a thin layer of onion rings. Add a few dots of butter to prevent dryness, then break over all this the number of eggs you require. A few thinly sliced mushrooms can be added now, then a layer of sliced skinned tomatoes. Season the layers with pepper, but be sparing with salt in case your bacon is salty. Finish with a layer of rashers. Now wrap the pie and its plate in greaseproof paper, like a parcel, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour at number six (400 degrees Fahrenheit). This pie can be eaten hot or cold. A sharp salad is good with it, perhaps tomatoes with a squeeze of lemon juice over them, or sliced raw apple and cucumber.

MOLLY WEIR

POT POURRI

A listener writes: 'Having collected a pile of fragrant rose petals and dried them in the sun, I should be glad if you could give me instructions for making pot pourri'. You can make pot pourri with salt and a mixture of spices. If you do the job properly it takes a great deal of patience and time. The general principle is to put layers of dried petals sprinkled with salt in a large crock—that is to say, two inches of petals and then a sprinkle of salt. Some people put leaves as well as petals—scented leaves, of course. For example, you can use verbena and scented geranium. After a few

days turn the mixture over, and keep on turning like this for about a couple of weeks. Then it is time to add the spices. A friendly chemist can help you here: he will be able to suggest suitable spices. Having made your spice mixture, build up the petals in layers again and sprinkle them with spice. When the crock is full of salted and spiced layers, cover it tightly, but uncover it every day to give it a stir. At the end of a month, the pot pourri ought to be ready to be put into an open bowl to scent the room. This is only one way of doing this job—I have no doubt many pourri potters will not agree with this method. But it is the simplest I know which makes a mixture worth smelling. Do not be tempted to try to improve matters by adding scent. Scent becomes stale and unpleasant.

RUTH DREW

CHIMNEY ON FIRE?

If your chimney should catch fire, it is as well to know in advance what steps to take. First, obviously, call the Fire Brigade. While you are waiting for it to arrive there are four things to do. Close the doors and windows of the room concerned. That limits the amount of air getting into the flue. Clear the front of the fireplace—which means moving the hearthrug, and any furniture close to the fire. Block the opening into the flue with a wet sack, or something of the kind—again to check the passage of air, and to stop burning soot falling into the room. Finally, inspect all the rooms through which the

chimney passes and feel the chimney breasts. If they are hot, move any furnishings touching them. RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

- C. A. R. CROSLAND (page 447): Fellow and Lecturer in Economics, Trinity College, Oxford, 1947-50; M.P. (Labour) for Gloucestershire South, 1950-55; author of *Britain's Economic Problem*
- ALEC NOVE (page 450): Reader in Soviet Social and Economic Studies at London University
- ROBERT SPEAIGHT (page 455): actor and publisher; author of *The Lost Hero*, *Thomas Becket*, *Hilaire Belloc*, and other books
- KENNETH WOOD (page 458): Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects
- SIR ARTHUR RICHMOND (page 460): Chairman Land Settlement Association since 1948; Member of Royal Fine Art Commission; Deputy Director, Victoria and Albert Museum, 1907-1910
- SIR ARNOLD PLANT (page 462): Sir Ernest Cassel Professor of Commerce at London University since 1930; Chairman, Board of Trade Committee on Film Distribution, 1949; author of *The Population Problem*
- LEONARD CLARK (page 464): author of *Sark Discovered*, *The Mirror* and *English Morning and other Poems*
- F. R. MCQUOWN (page 471): author of *Pinks and Intelligent Gardening*
- COLIN MASON (page 484): music critic of the *Manchester Guardian*; author of *Bartók*

Crossword No. 1,478.

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Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, October 2. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

No clues are given to lights 1A (two words); 29A, 45A; 61A; 64A; 66A; 73A; 2D; 5D; 9D; 12D; 28D; 34D; 38D; 47D.

They all have something in common, and may be deduced from the intersecting lights to which clues are given below. An accent in one of the lights is to be ignored.

CLUES—ACROSS

- 10-20A. Take the top off the cart for the Spenserian visor (6)
- 13. Marshall Junot said he was his own (8)
- 15. A group of achenes or drupels (7)
- 17. It's apparent the lid's off the secret (5)
- 18. About the spirits knocked back, you should see the glutton (6)
- 19. Corporal, 'Quiet, everybody!' (4)
- 20. See 10A.
- 21. Transatlantic highwayman (9, hyphen)
- 23. Poem on the cinema (3)
- 24. Nut bearing tree, but it's half diseased (6)
- 25. Colourful character in 'Stalky & Co.' (5)
- 26. Employer of notorious errand-boys (4)
- 32. Domestic slaves in Old England (5)
- 33. An old saying (5)
- 35. It's restrained, provided it is not there with the Queen (5)
- 37. Something to drink at camp? (4)
- 39. Port or whisky (3)
- 40. Sun-god who rises in 8D. (2)
- 41. Don Juan's farewell (5)
- 43. The cardplayer who cuts the bread (4)
- 47. Henry with nothing on carries burden for hire (6)
- 48. Russell on eternity (4)
- 50. Push together and hasten roughly (6)
- 52. Fashionable people took note of this Neapolitan gentleman (5)
- 54. Red rag could make a bull do this (6)
- 57. Old English countryman, and a freeman before the Conquest (5)
- 58. A letter on the step has gone (4)
- 59. Sighed, it is said, for the border (4)
- 60. Quarter of Glasgow (4)
- 62. Held back the good spirits (5)
- 63. Bounces like the attorneys afterthought (4)
- 65. Just a song at daybreak (6)
- 71. See 7D.
- 72. Springs that yield no water (5)

DOWN

- 1. I roam around down under (5)

- 3. Round-headed stick used by Kaffirs (6)
- 4. Bar where poets become fuddled (5)
- 6. The way the Irish wonder arrives for the Moslem year (5)
- 7-71A. Elgar composed for this small organ (5)
- 8. Pledge the first-fruits (7)
- 10. Natron (4)
- 11. Couldn't be calmer, although misled in the fog (7)
- 14. Small monastic room with a naos (4)
- 16. Rest are upset under the umbrella with the result they go up and down in America (7)
- 18. These highlanders confuse little English girls (5)
- 22. French writer discusses the son of Joash (6)
- 27U. Sounds caused by stone-breaking (5)
- 29. Force the re-arrangement of a Tyrolean song (5)
- 30. Orcadian creek or bay (3)
- 31. To arrive at the bay take everyone separately (5)
- 36. Sharp fruitstone, it seems, could cause apples to go brown and blotchy (9, hyphen)
- 41. Wild sheep of North Africa (6)
- 42. Variable Levantine weight (4)
- 43. Ring if you accept (8)
- 44. Snarers that shoot up (4)
- 46. They live on the equator like conservative Scotsmen (7)
- 49. Like a pointed arch I ascend to the world that never ends (6)
- 51. Very many of these are cast (4)
- 53. Zizyphus Spina-Christi (4)
- 55U. Contract to glean a pasture (5)
- 56. Form in the life-cycle of the trematodes (5)
- 61. Bring forth a West Indies Island (4)
- 65-70D. In Armenia he pays his respects to the devil (5)
- 67. You'll make short work of this clue (2)
- 68-69D. The time in Paris when you can have tea out of doors (4)
- 70. See 65D.

Solution of No. 1,476

LEFFUM
UFEND
SIRON
WITSAE
ITERU

ON THE SIX FACE OF A CUBE
NARID SAONES TEWR AUTUM
GGISKERB BOARFEMMAHA
PACKED TO ALL CAREFULLY
RIKEY ITW DIVINE SOL FAC

SETAE
YSYND
ENTAS
NORST
ONOUN

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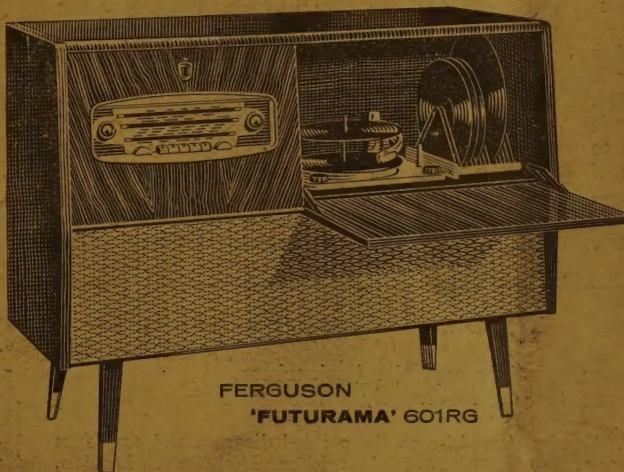
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